ATOMIC ATTACK!

UNDERWATER INFERNO

IND

10¢

MAY No. 7

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LAST CHANCE AT THIS LOW PRICE!

LIFETIME CHRONOGRAPH STOPWATCH—WINDOW CALENDAR WRIST-WATCH

PRECISION JEWELED

Comes with Handsome Matching Expansion Band AT NO EXTRA COST! WEAR AND ENJOY This Watch on

DATE CHANGES EVERY DAY *Automatically*

10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

This Swiss-Precision Watch is Also a

- **TACHOMETER:** Measures speeds of moving objects.
- **TELEMETER:** Measures distance between points.

and

- **12 HOUR RECORDER**

It's Also SHOCK-RESISTANT and ANTI-MAGNETIC

ONLY $8.95 plus 10% Fed. Tax

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THESE HIGH PRICE FEATURES USUALLY OFFERED IN WATCHES SELLING AT $50.00 or MORE

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- Triple Chrome-Plated Case for Lasting Wear.
- Chronograph, Window Calendar and Stopwatch All-in-One.
- Radium Glow See-At-Night Hands and Numerals.
- Shock-Resistant and Anti-Magnetic.
- Handsome, Matching Expansion Wristband.

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BUYER'S GUILD, Inc., Woodbridge, N. J., Dept. 4805

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BUYER'S GUILD, Inc., Dept. 4805
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-UNDERWATER- INFERNO

IN JUNE 1976 ALL OF THE FREE WORLD WAS ELECTRIFIED BY THE HEARTENING NEWS THAT RED AIR ATTACKS, HITHERTO SEEMINGLY UNSTOPPABLE, HAD SUDDENLY BEGUN TO FAIL. HERE IS THE REAL REASON FOR THEIR FAILURE TAKEN DIRECTLY FROM THE OFFICIAL HEARINGS HELD BY THE U.N. BOARD OF INQUIRY AFTER THE LOSS OF THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE-N-82....

JULY, 1976 AT THE U.N. BUILDING IN NEW YORK CITY...

ON DECEMBER 18, 1975 I WAS CALLED TO ADMIRAL WHITBY'S OFFICE...

COMMANDER, YOU HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE NEW ATOMIC SUBMARINE N-82. YOUR MISSION WILL BE CALLED OPERATION ICEBERG.

OPERATION ICEBERG?

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU KNOW THAT WE HAVE BEEN SUFFERING SEVERE LOSSES ON SEA AND IN THE AIR BECAUSE OF THE ENEMIES ABILITY TO KEEP THEIR PLANES UP WITHOUT REFUELING.

YES, WHILE OUR FIGHTERS HAD TO RETURN TO THEIR BASES FOR FUEL, THEIR PLANES COULD APPARENTLY KEEP GOING.

WE HAVE LEARNED THEIR SECRET, COMMANDER PACKARD. IT'S THIS...

WELL, I'LL BE... AN ICEBERG?

NOT EXACTLY. IT IS A FLOATING BASE CAMOUFLAGED TO LOOK LIKE AN ICEBERG. A BASE THAT CAN BE MOVED FROM PLACE TO PLACE.

WHAT AN IDEA! THEY CAN MOVE IN ON A TARGET SEND UP PLANES TO BLAST IT AND THEN GET OUT.

IT'S MORE THAN JUST A FIELD. IT HAS REPAIR SHOPS, AMMO DUMPS, AND WHAT MAKES IT BAD, IT SEEMS TO BE IMPREGNABLE FROM THE AIR OR SEA.

YOU MEAN THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT.

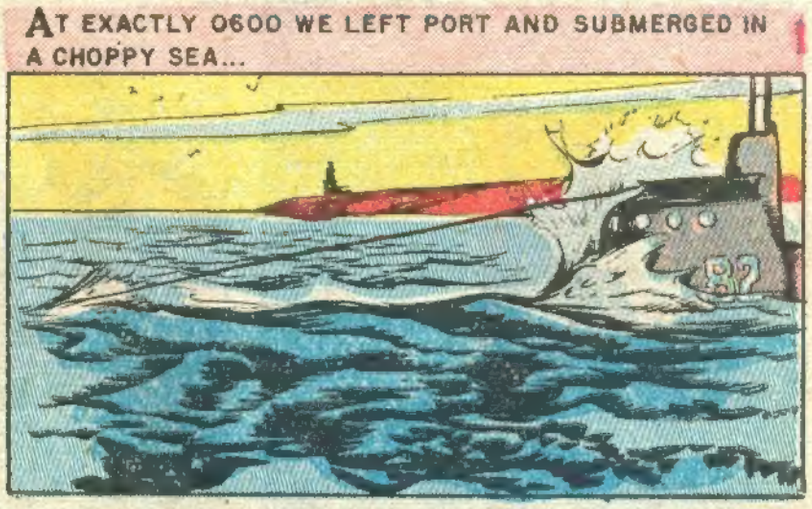
PERHAPS. BUT ON THE OTHER HAND THERE MIGHT BE A WAY. FROM UNDERNEATH.

WITH THE N-82! BUT CAN ONE SUBMARINE DESTROY A MONSTER BASE LIKE THAT?

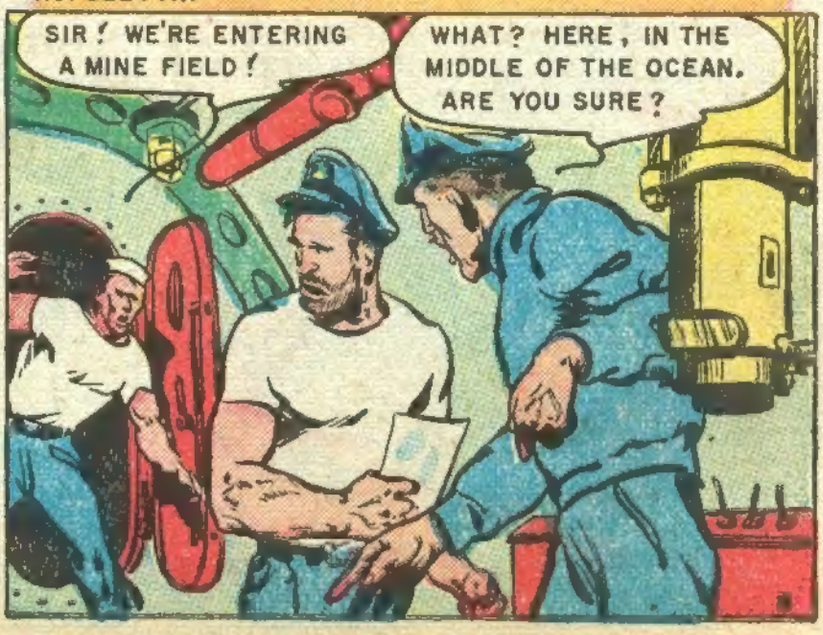
WE DON'T EXPECT YOU TO DESTROY IT. WE WANT YOU TO FIND IT AND BRING BACK INFORMATION. THEN WE'LL DECIDE HOW TO ELIMINATE IT.
YES, SIR. I UNDERSTAND. WE'LL DO OUR BEST, SIR.

A WEEK LATER WE WERE READY TO LEAVE. I BRIEFED MY CREW OF VOLUNTEERS...
WE HAVE ORDERS TO STAY OUT TILL WE FIND HER, NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES. IT COULD MEAN DEATH FOR US ALL. ANYONE WHO WANTS TO BE EXCUSED, SPEAK UP NOW.

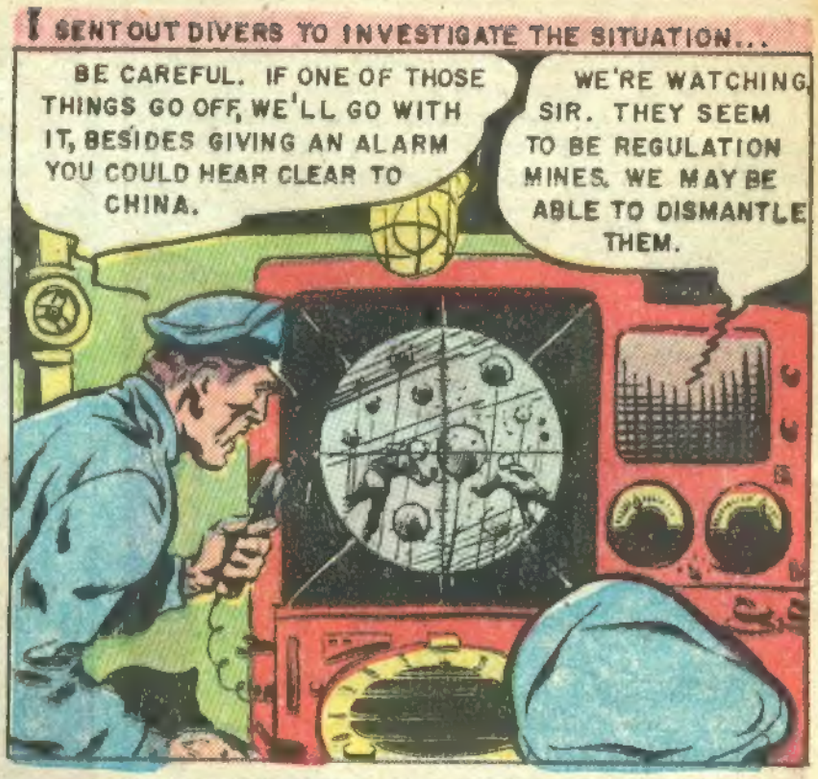
I KNEW YOU'D ALL FEEL THAT WAY. THANK YOU, MEN. WE'LL SAIL TOMORROW... DISMISSED!


AT EXACTLY 0600 WE LEFT PORT AND SUBMERGED IN A CHOPPY SEA...

AT FORTY FATHOMS WE TURNED AND HEADED FOR NORTHERN WATERS ALONG THE CALM BOTTOM OF THE SEA...


FOR WEEKS WE SEARCHED WITHOUT ANY LUCK. THEN, ONE DAY, JUST WHEN IT WAS BEGINNING TO LOOK HOPELESS...
SIR! WE'RE ENTERING A MINE FIELD!
WHAT? HERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN. ARE YOU SURE?

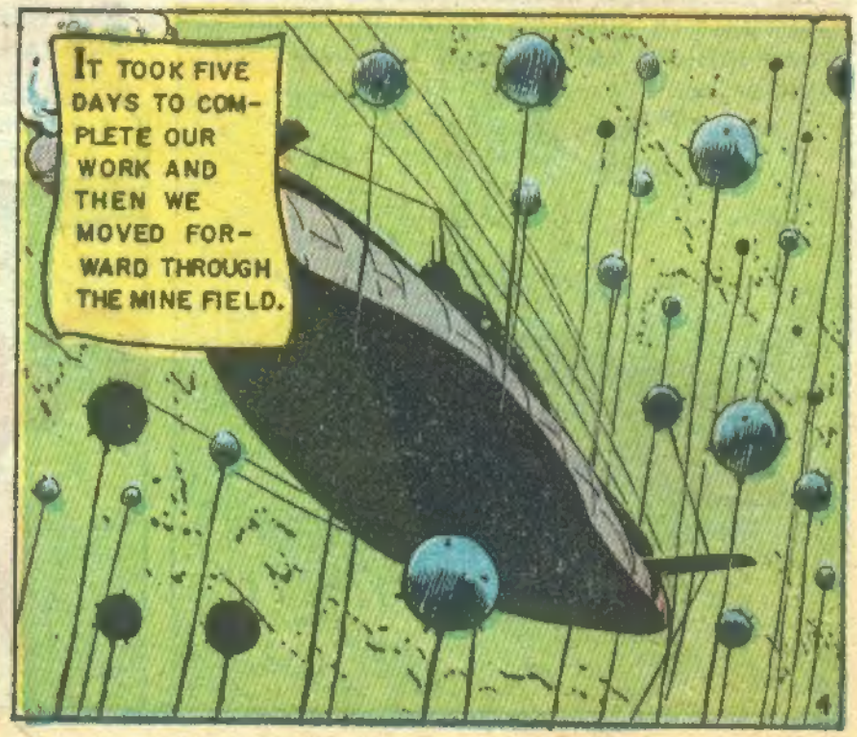
SURE HE'S SURE. THIS IS IT! WE'VE FOUND IT. WHY ELSE WOULD THERE BE A MINE FIELD OUT HERE?
OF COURSE. THEY PROBABLY CARRY IT WITH THEM WHENEVER THEY MOVE. THEY FIGURED ON SUBMARINES.


I SENT OUT DIVERS TO INVESTIGATE THE SITUATION...
BE CAREFUL. IF ONE OF THOSE THINGS GO OFF, WE'LL GO WITH IT, BESIDES GIVING AN ALARM YOU COULD HEAR CLEAR TO CHINA.
WE'RE WATCHING SIR. THEY SEEM TO BE REGULATION MINES. WE MAY BE ABLE TO DISMANTLE THEM.

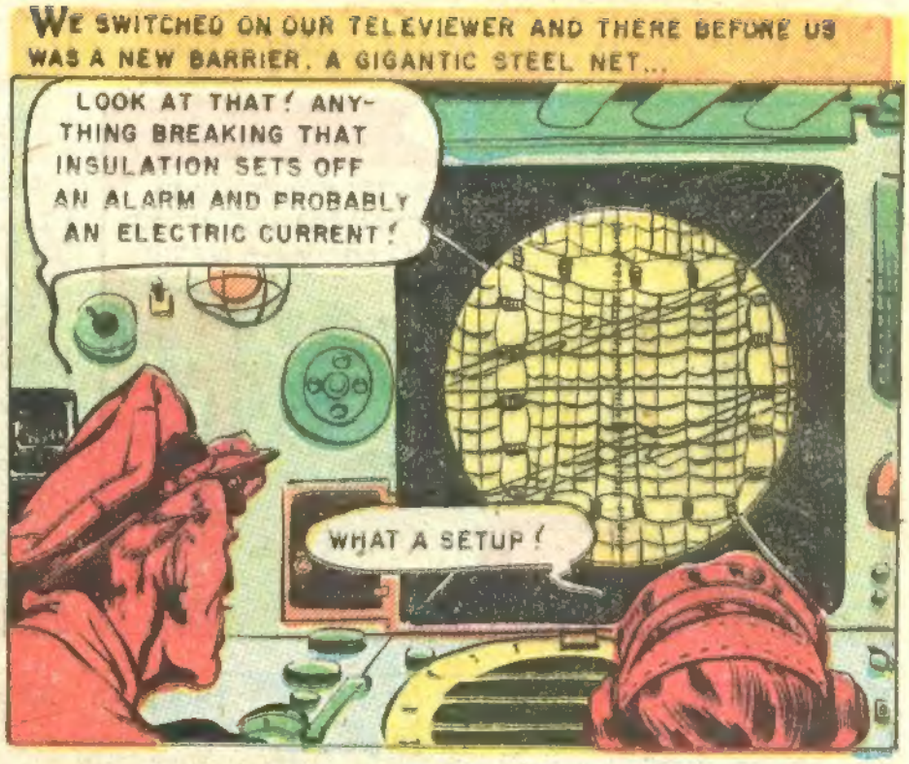
GETTER COME BACK IN FOR INSTRUCTIONS. WE'LL CHECK THEIR TYPE WITH WHAT INFO WE HAVE.
YES, SIR!

AFTER A LONG DISCUSSION WE DECIDED TO TRY AND DISMANTLE THEM...
IT'S LOOSE. ANOTHER TURN AND I'LL HAVE IT OFF.
IF IT AIN'T BOOBYTRAPPED.

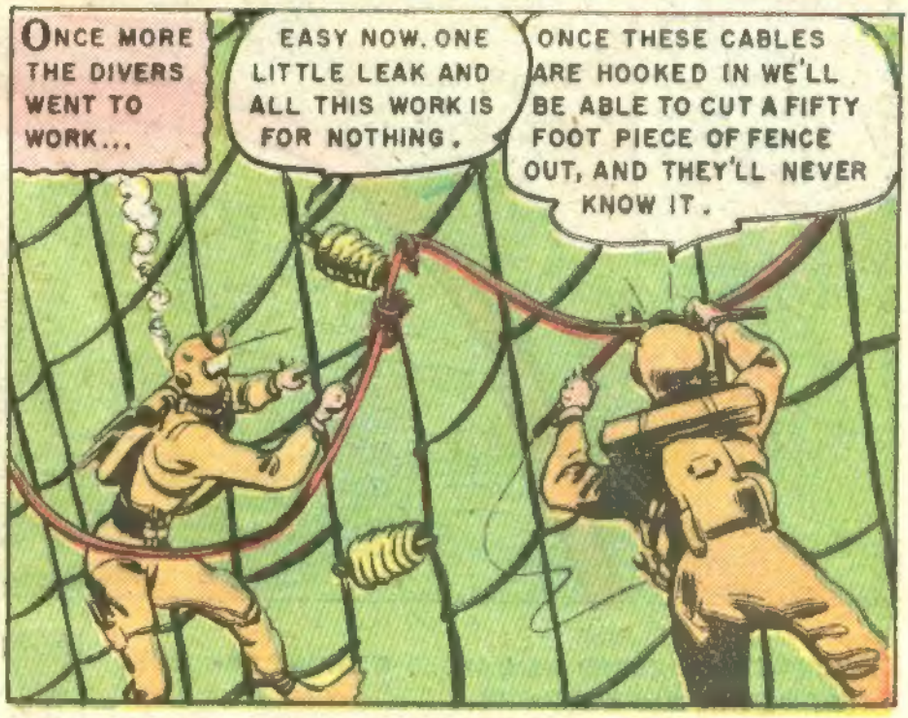
IF IT IS, WE'LL NEVER KNOW IT... AH, THERE SHE IS.
PHEW! ONE DOWN AND A COUPLE OF HUNDRED TO GO. LET'S HIT THE NEXT ONE.


IT TOOK FIVE DAYS TO COMPLETE OUR WORK AND THEN WE MOVED FORWARD THROUGH THE MINE FIELD.

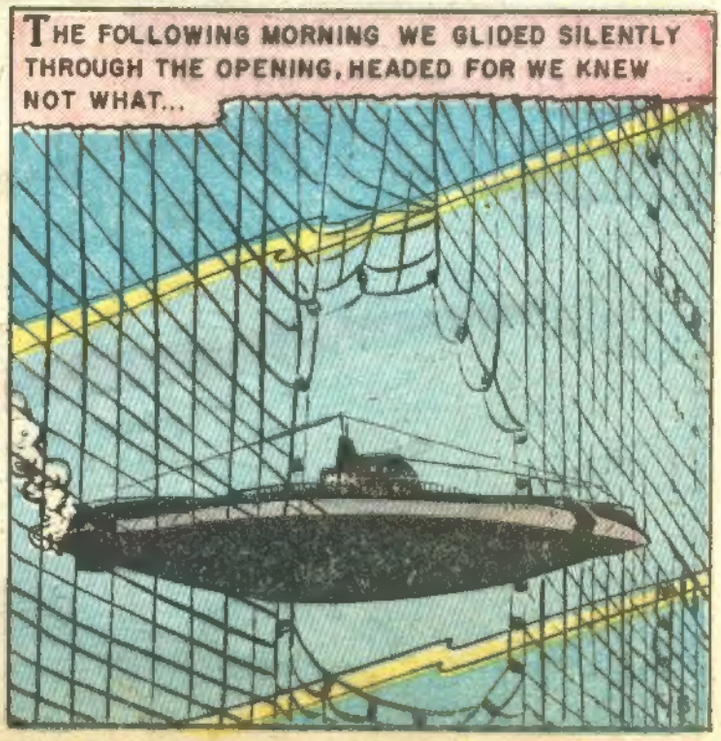
CAUTIOUSLY WE NOSED OUR WAY TOWARD OUR GOAL, WHEN SUDDENLY...
REVERSE ENGINES! HARD ASTERN!


WE SWITCHED ON OUR TELEVIEWER AND THERE BEFORE US WAS A NEW BARRIER. A GIGANTIC STEEL NET...
LOOK AT THAT! ANYTHING BREAKING THAT INSULATION SETS OFF AN ALARM AND PROBABLY AN ELECTRIC CURRENT!
WHAT A SETUP!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! SUPPOSING WE WERE TO BYPASS A PART OF THE FENCE WITH OUR OWN CABLE, INSULATE IT OFF AND THEN CUT AWAY THE BY-PASSED PART. WE'D HAVE A DOORWAY RIGHT TO THE INSIDE.
HMM! IT'S WORTH A TRY...


ONCE MORE THE DIVERS WENT TO WORK...
EASY NOW. ONE LITTLE LEAK AND ALL THIS WORK IS FOR NOTHING.
ONCE THESE CABLES ARE HOOKED IN WE'LL BE ABLE TO CUT A FIFTY FOOT PIECE OF FENCE OUT, AND THEY'LL NEVER KNOW IT.

THEY DID THEIR WORK WELL...
THESE NEW TORCHES ARE HONEYS. CUTS THIS STUFF LIKE BUTTER.
I WISH IT WAS... MUCH MORE OF THIS, AND I'LL TURN INTO A MERMAID.


THE FOLLOWING MORNING WE GLIDED SILENTLY THROUGH THE OPENING, HEADED FOR WE KNEW NOT WHAT...

WE WATCHED OUR INSTRUMENTS, OUR HEARTS IN OUR MOUTHS...

WHAT IF THEY PICK US UP WITH SONAR?

THEY CAN'T. WE'RE PROTECTED BY THE NEW ANTI-SONAR COATING. AS FAR AS THE ENEMY IS CONCERNED WE'RE JUST A BIG FISH.

WE'D BETTER STICK OUR PERISCOPE ABOVE WATER AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND. IT'S DANGEROUS, BUT OUR ORDERS ARE TO GET INFO AND MORE INFO.

CHECK. LET'S HOPE WE DON'T COME UP IN THE MIDDLE OF A RED SQUADRON.

WHAT WE SAW AMAZED US...

LOOK AT THAT! HOLY SMOKE, A WHOLE SQUADRON IS LANDING.

THIS ISN'T A BASE, IT'S A WHOLE BLASTED ISLAND!

WE'RE PRACTICALLY OFF SHORE.. TONIGHT I'M GOING TO BOARD THAT BERG AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND.

OKAY, JOHN, BUT I'M COMING WITH YOU.

AT TWENTY HUNDRED WE LANDED WITHOUT TROUBLE. WHAT WE SAW WAS FANTASTIC...

LOOK AT THOSE SUPPLIES, ENOUGH FOR AN INVASION!

YEAH, AND ALL THE MEN AND PLANES. I THINK THAT'S WHAT IT'S FOR! THEY'RE GOING TO USE THIS AS A BASE FOR AN *ATTACK ON AMERICA!*

WHAT WOULD BE EASIER THAN TO BRING THIS THING IN NEAR OUR NORTHERN COAST AND USE IT AS A BASE FOR AN INVASION.
SURE, AND WE COULDN'T KNOCK IT OUT.

BACK AT THE SUB I THOUGHT IT OVER AND MADE MY DECISION. THEN I CALLED THE CREW. . .
MEN, INSTEAD OF GOING BACK WITH THE INFORMATION WE'VE LEARNED, I'VE DECIDED TO TRY AND DESTROY THIS BASE OURSELVES.
WHAT! BUT... HOW? OUR TORPEDOES WOULDN'T EVEN DENT THAT THING.

NO, BUT A SUPERSIZED ATOM BOMB WOULD. BY MAKING CERTAIN CHANGES ON OUR ATOMIC MOTORS WE COULD MAKE THIS SUB ONE GIGANTIC BOMB.
BUT, SIR, WHAT ABOUT US?

WE'LL ABANDON SHIP. THEN WITH OUR MOTORIZED UNDERWATER SUITS WE CAN MAKE OUR WAY OUTSIDE THE MINE FIELD. WE CAN SIGNAL FOR HELP FROM THERE. ARE YOU WITH ME ?
AYE! AYE! SIR!

WE WORKED FOR FOUR DAYS TO CONVERT THE SHIP. AT LAST THE TIME FUSE WAS SET AND THE MEN BEGAN TO ABANDON SHIP ONE BY ONE...
HOW MUCH TIME HAVE WE GOT?
TWO HOURS IF EVERYTHING WORKS OUT THE WAY IT SHOULD. IF IT DOESN'T. . .

YEAH! THERE'S COMMANDER PACKARD. THAT MEANS EVERYBODY'S OFF. LET'S GO.
I HOPE WE DON'T GET LOST. I HATE TO SPEND MY TIME WANDERING THROUGH THOSE MINES WITH THAT FUSE TICKING AWAY BACK HERE.

WE HAD GOOD LUCK AND FOUND OUR WAY BACK TO THE SPOT WE HAD FIRST ENCOUNTERED THE MINES...

ALL RIGHT MEN, PREPARE TO SURFACE!

GOOD THING, MY OXYGEN WAS GETTING LOW.

A MOMENT LATER WE WERE SPEEDING AWAY FROM THE VICINITY OF THE MINES...

ANY SECOND NOW. WE WEREN'T A SECOND TOO SOON.

PREPARE FOR A BLAST, MEN. LET'S HOPE WE GOT FAR ENOUGH AWAY...

AT THAT MOMENT, IT SEEMED AS IF THE WHOLE WORLD WAS SPLIT IN TWO...

WHARROOOOM!

YEEEIIII!

HANG ON!

THE REST OF THE STORY YOU KNOW, SIR. WE WERE PICKED UP BY HELICOPTER AND BROUGHT BACK.

THANK YOU, COMMANDER. I BELIEVE I CAN SPEAK FOR US ALL.... HERE IS OUR DECISION.

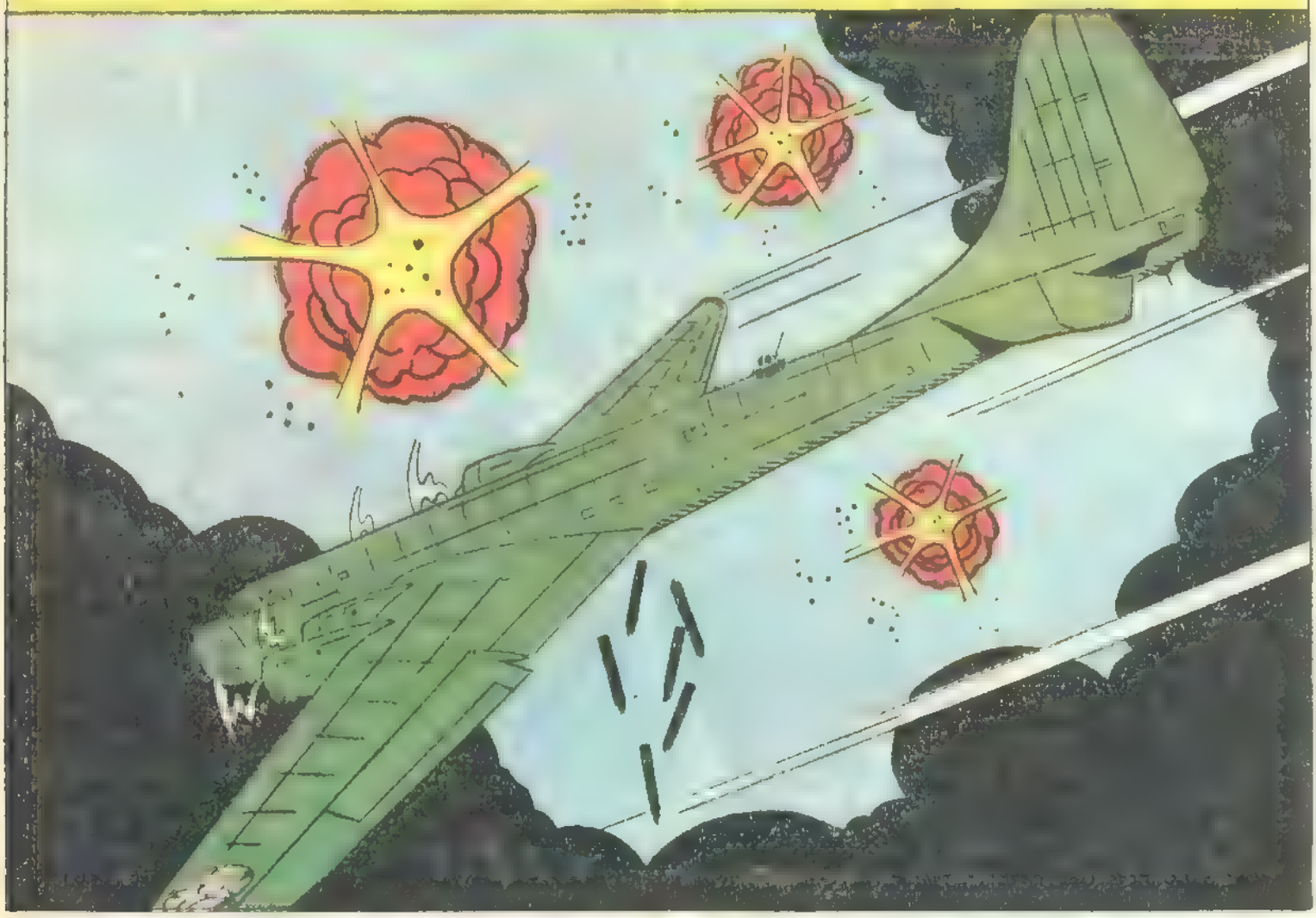
WE FEEL THAT YOUR DECISION WAS SOUND AND YOUR JUDGMENT EXCELLENT. THIS BOARD WISHES TO COMMEND YOU AND YOUR CREW FOR A JOB WELL DONE.

THANK YOU, SIR.

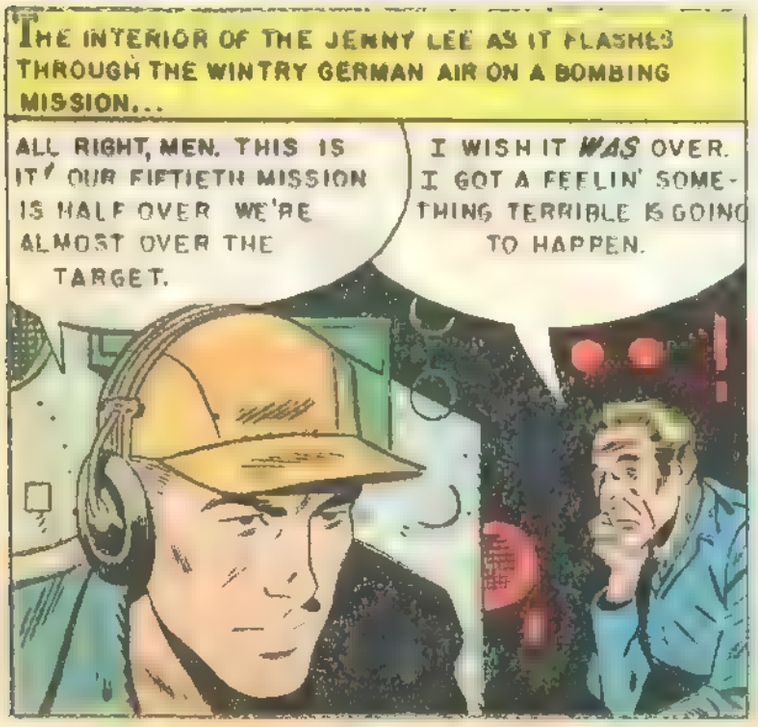
THE END—

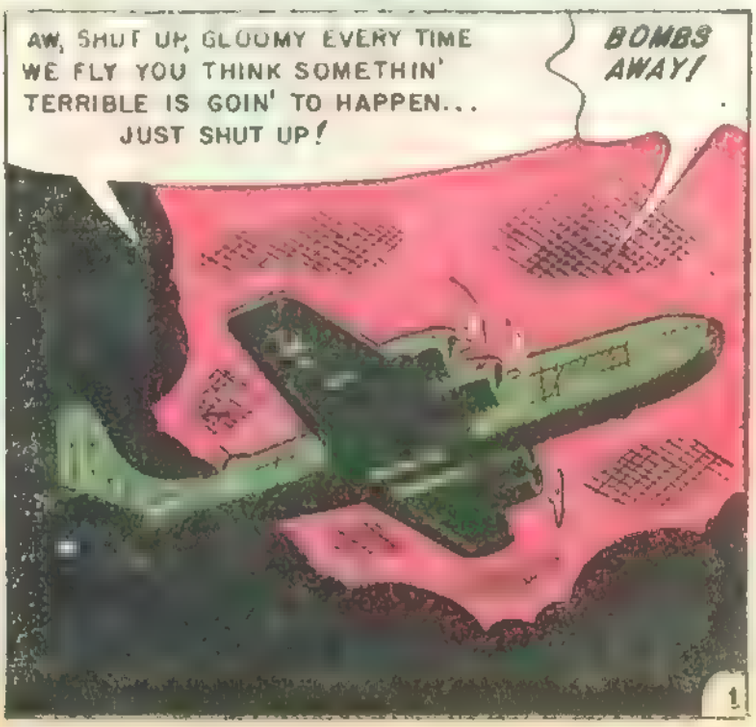
CAPTAIN CONNEL HAD VOWED TO GET HIS BOYS BACK IN ONE PIECE. THEY HAD FLOWN FORTY-NINE DANGEROUS FLAK-RIDDEN MISSIONS TOGETHER WITHOUT A SCRATCH. ONE MORE AND THEY WOULD BE GOING HOME. COULD THEY MAKE IT..?

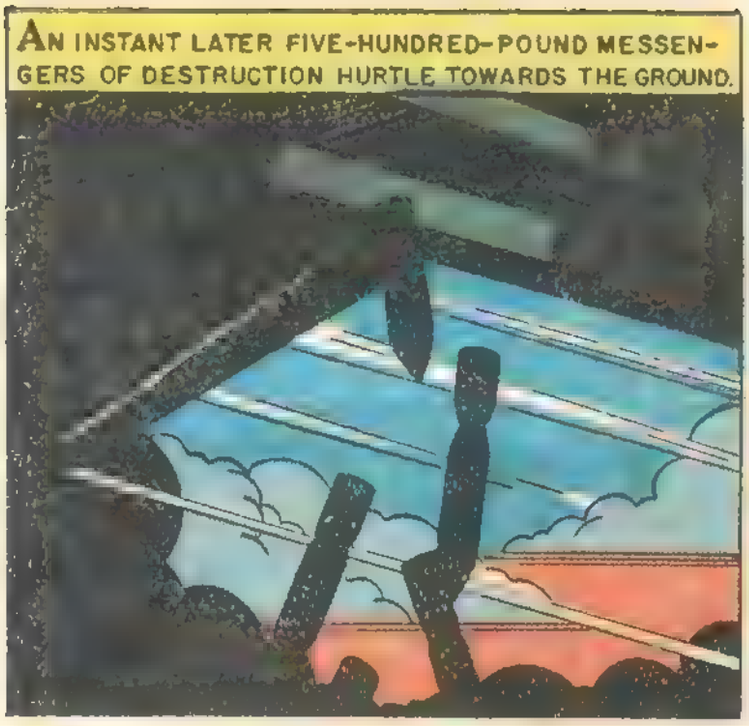
50TH MISSION

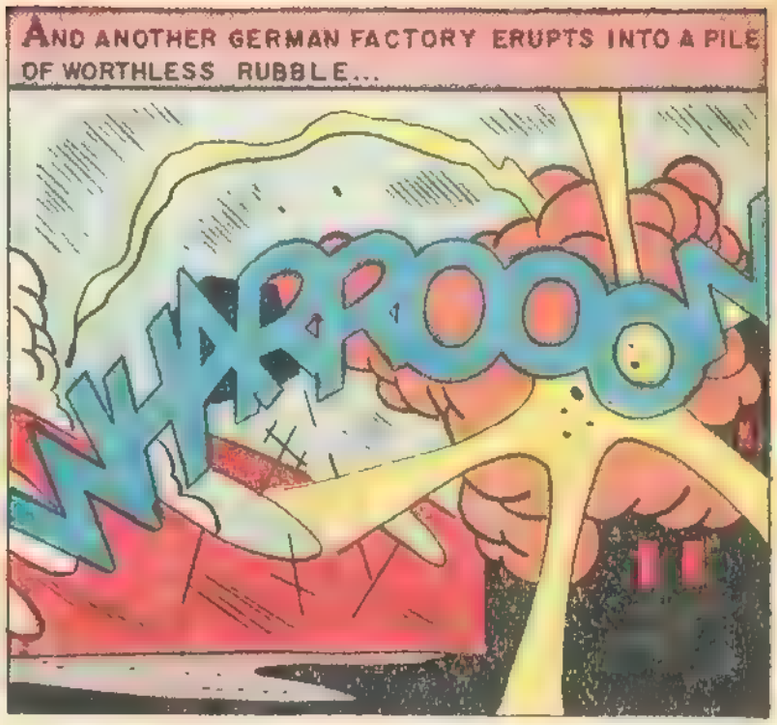


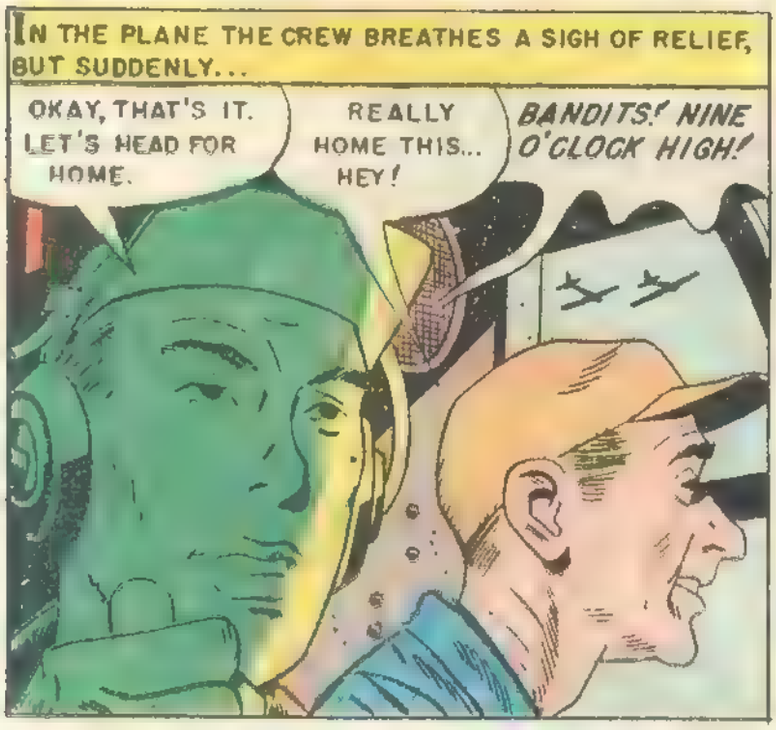
THE INTERIOR OF THE JENNY LEE AS IT FLASHES THROUGH THE WINTRY GERMAN AIR ON A BOMBING MISSION...

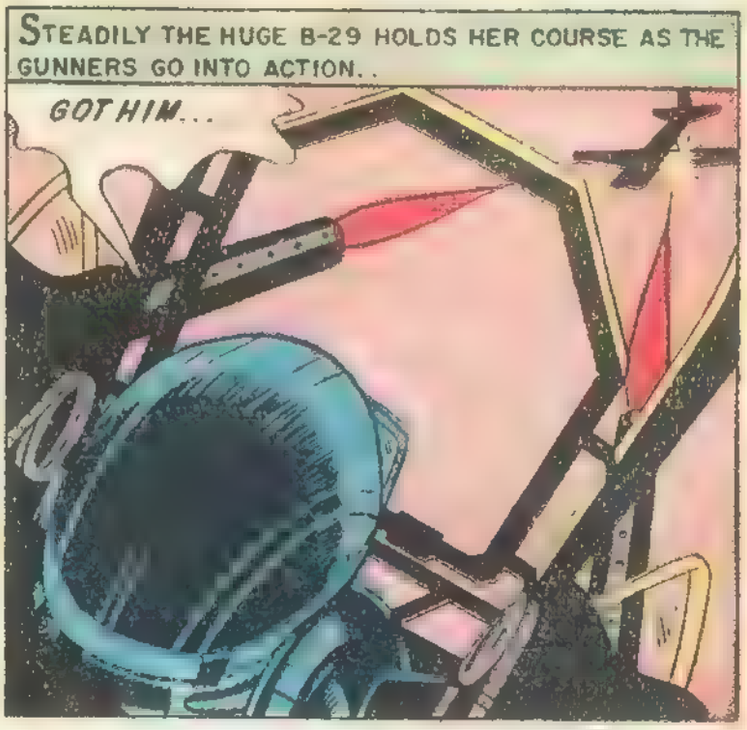




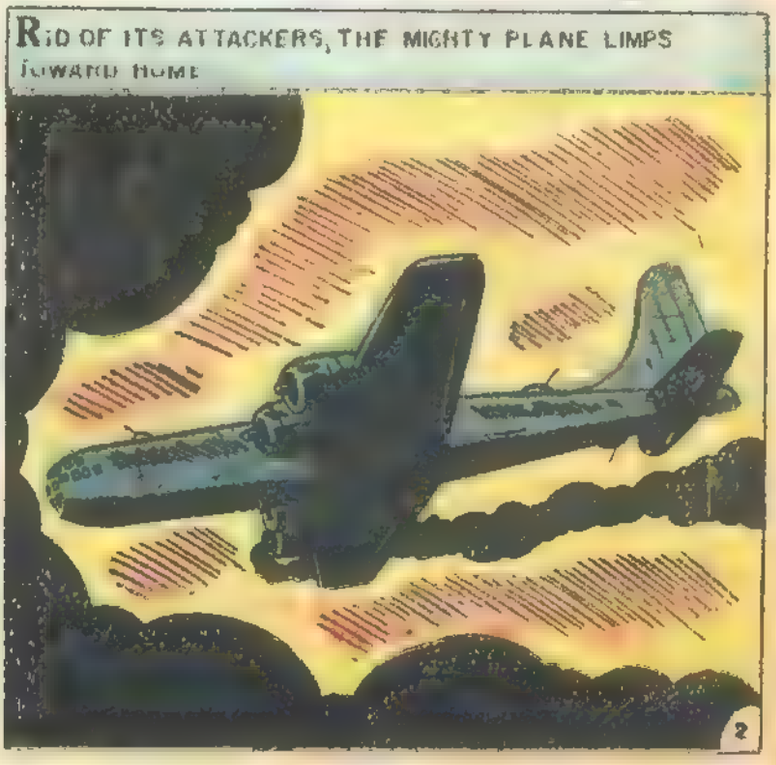

AN INSTANT LATER FIVE-HUNDRED-POUND MESSENGERS OF DESTRUCTION HURTLE TOWARDS THE GROUND.


AND ANOTHER GERMAN FACTORY ERUPTS INTO A PILE OF WORTHLESS RUBBLE...
WARROOOM

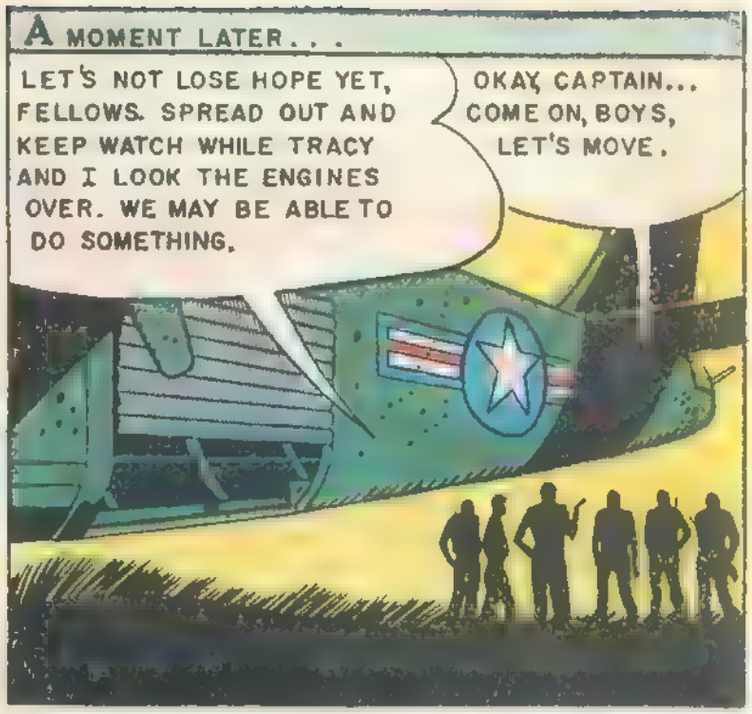

IN THE PLANE THE CREW BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF, BUT SUDDENLY...
OKAY, THAT'S IT. LET'S HEAD FOR HOME.
REALLY HOME THIS... HEY!
BANDITS! NINE O'CLOCK HIGH!


STEADILY THE HUGE B-29 HOLDS HER COURSE AS THE GUNNERS GO INTO ACTION..
GOT HIM...

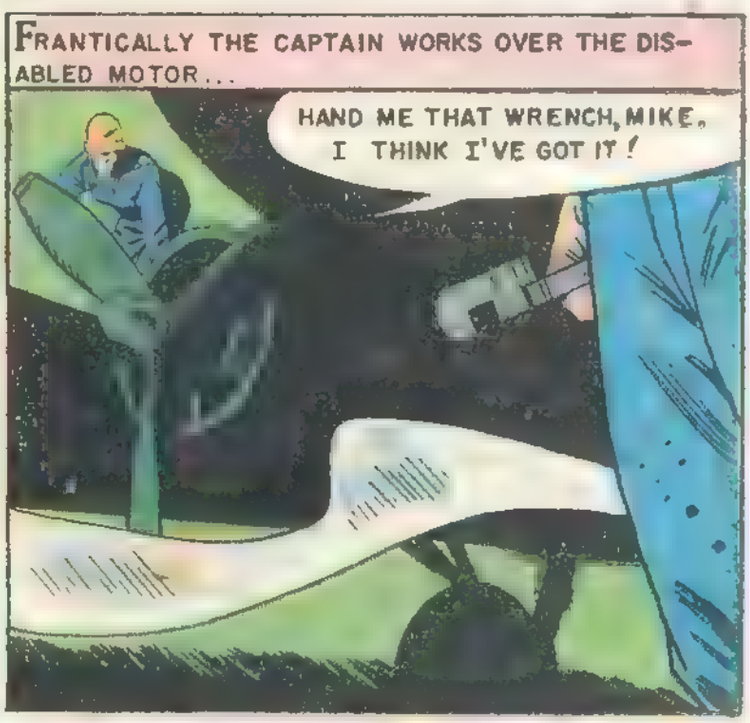
FLASHING DOWN FROM ABOVE, A GERMAN FIGHTER GETS A HIT ONLY TO BE BLASTED HIMSELF


RID OF ITS ATTACKERS, THE MIGHTY PLANE LIMPS TOWARD HOME

BUT IN SPITE OF ALL EFFORTS TO MAKE HOME THEY ARE FORCED DOWN IN A GERMAN FIELD...


A MOMENT LATER...
LET'S NOT LOSE HOPE YET, FELLOWS. SPREAD OUT AND KEEP WATCH WHILE TRACY AND I LOOK THE ENGINES OVER. WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING.
OKAY, CAPTAIN... COME ON, BOYS, LET'S MOVE.

SEE, DIDN'T I TELL YOU I HAD A FEELING. I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN!
CLAM UP, GUS. THIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR HANGIN' CREPE. GET OUT THERE AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.

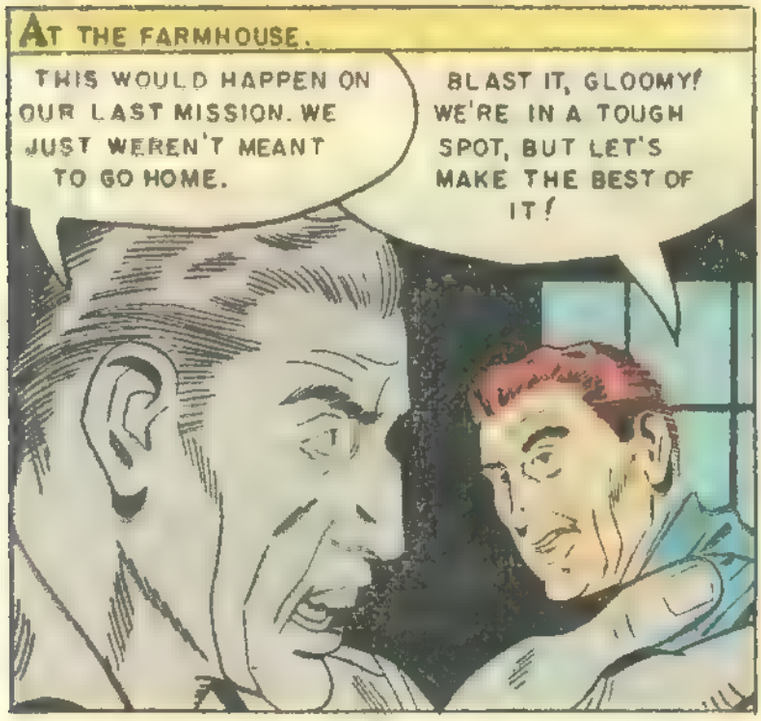

FRANTICALLY THE CAPTAIN WORKS OVER THE DISABLED MOTOR...
HAND ME THAT WRENCH, MIKE. I THINK I'VE GOT IT!

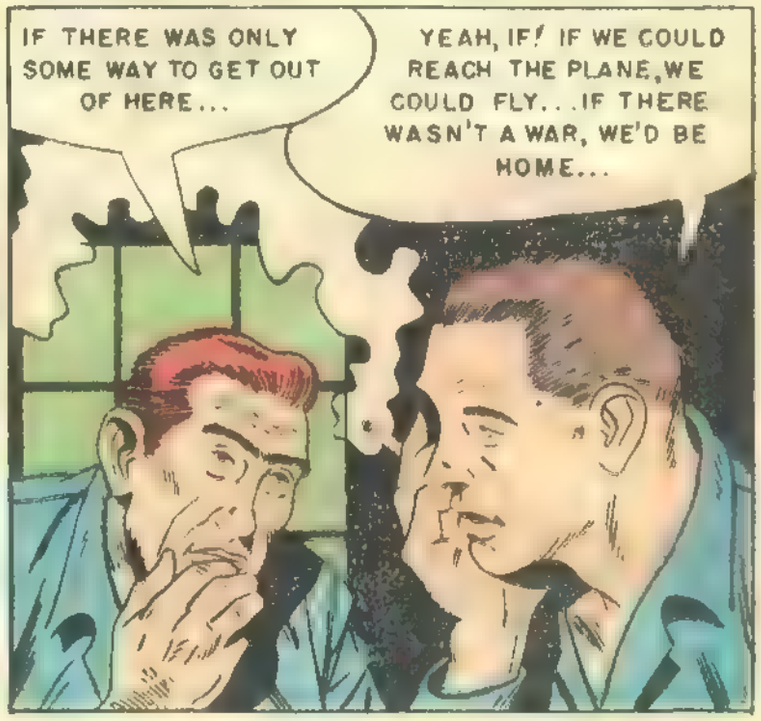
A HALF HOUR GOES BY AND...
CALL THE BOYS IN, MIKE. I GOT IT. WE CAN TAKE OFF LIKE A BIG BIRD.
YAHOO! HOME HERE WE COME!

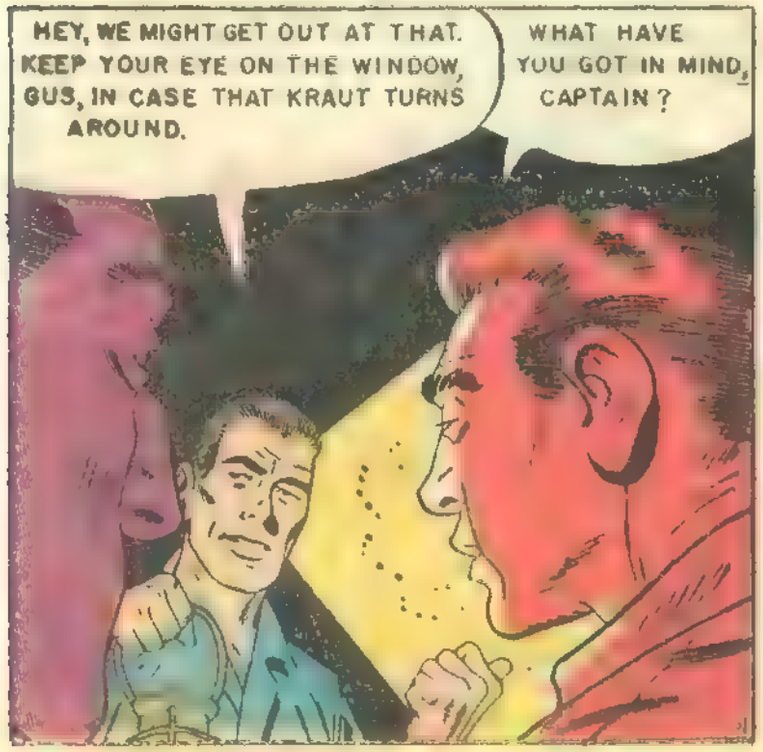
AS THE MEN COME RUNNING TOWARD THE REPAIRED PLANE...
HALT! HAENDE HOCH! SCHNELL!
KRAUTS!

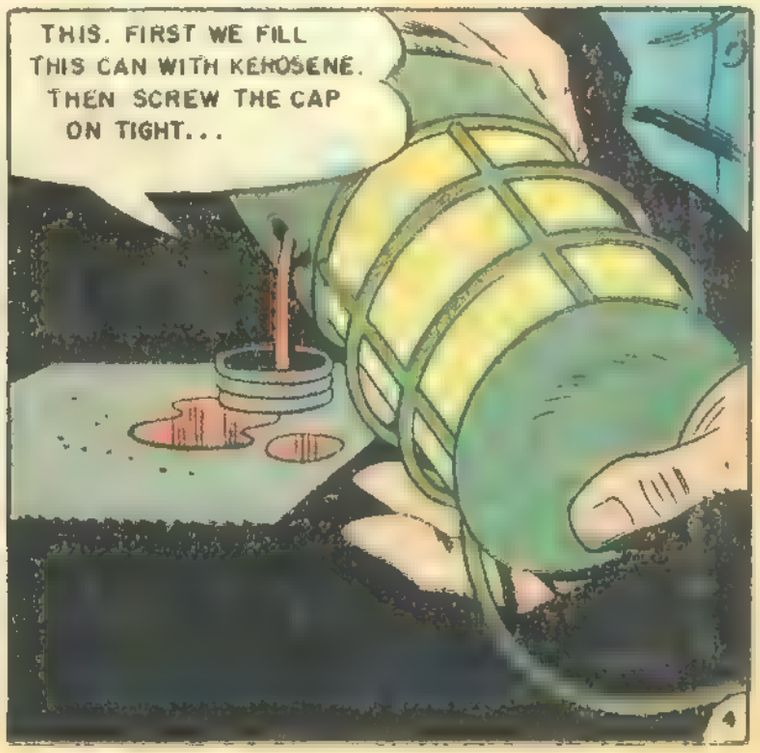
DROP YOUR GUNS IF YOU KNOW WHAT IS GOOD FOR YOU! LINE UP IN FRONT OF THIS PLANE AND KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH!
THAT'S OUR LUCK. WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

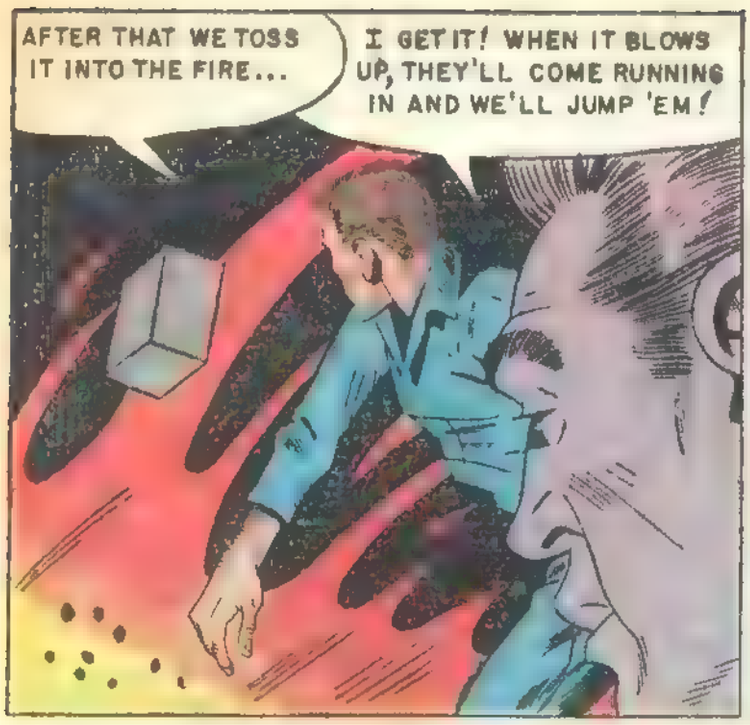
TAKE THEM TO THE FARMHOUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE. WE WILL KEEP THEM THERE UNTIL WE CAN TRANSPORT THEM TO A PRISON CAMP.
YAH, CAPITAN!... MARCH!

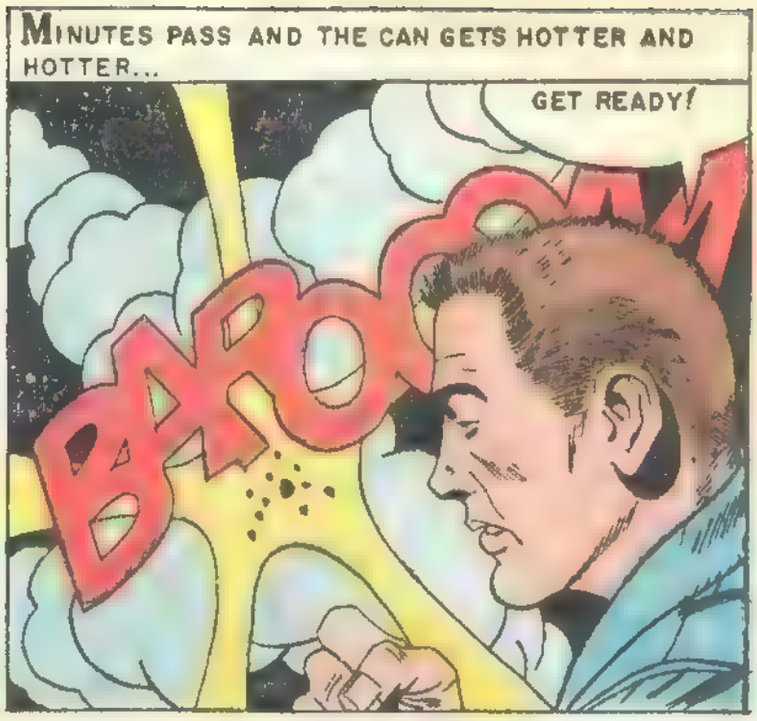

AT THE FARMHOUSE.
THIS WOULD HAPPEN ON OUR LAST MISSION. WE JUST WEREN'T MEANT TO GO HOME.
BLAST IT, GLOOMY! WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, BUT LET'S MAKE THE BEST OF IT!

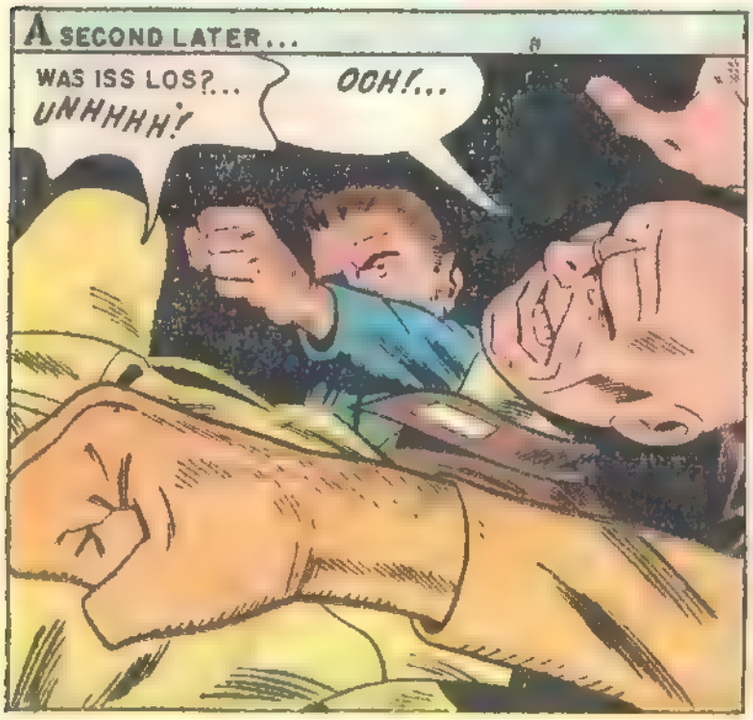

IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE...
YEAH, IF! IF WE COULD REACH THE PLANE, WE COULD FLY...IF THERE WASN'T A WAR, WE'D BE HOME...


HEY, WE MIGHT GET OUT AT THAT. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE WINDOW, GUS, IN CASE THAT KRAUT TURNS AROUND.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN MIND, CAPTAIN?

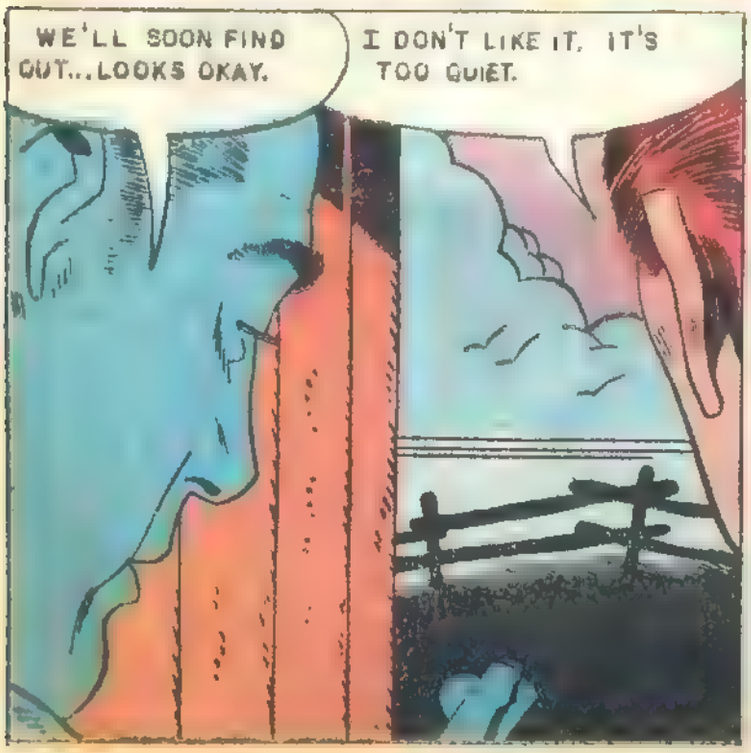

THIS. FIRST WE FILL THIS CAN WITH KEROSENE. THEN SCREW THE CAP ON TIGHT...

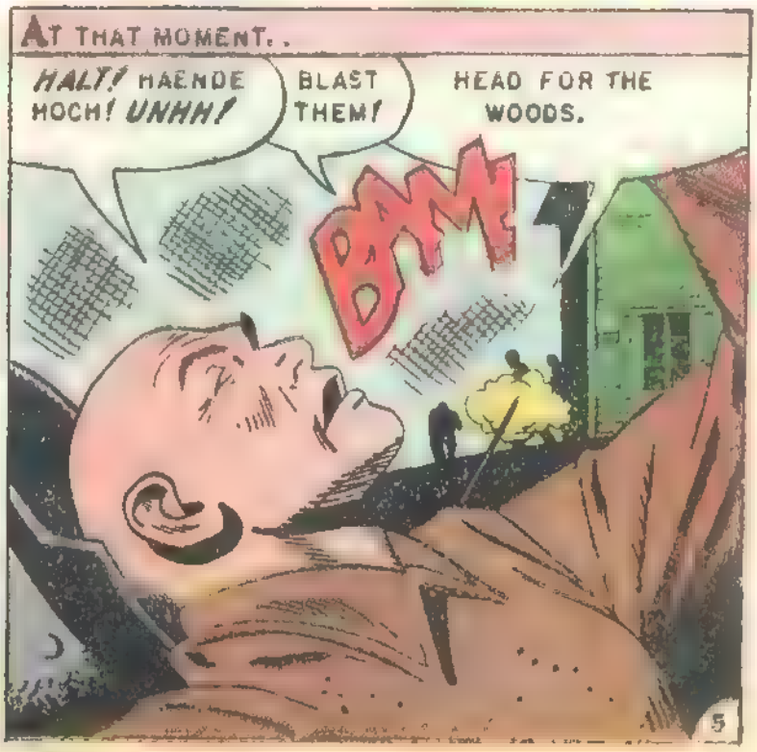

AFTER THAT WE TOSS IT INTO THE FIRE...
I GET IT! WHEN IT BLOWS UP, THEY'LL COME RUNNING IN AND WE'LL JUMP 'EM!

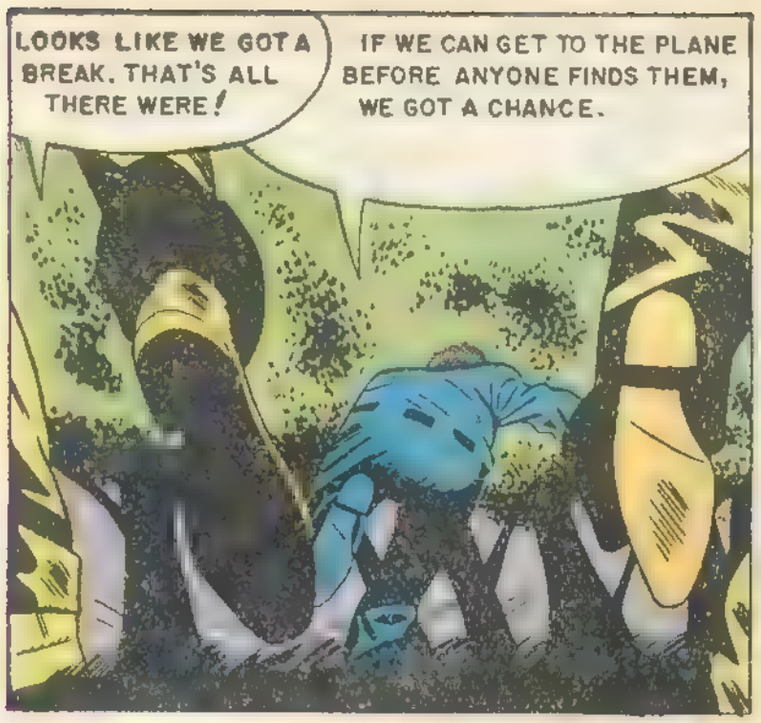

MINUTES PASS AND THE CAN GETS HOTTER AND HOTTER...
GET READY!
BAROOM


A SECOND LATER...
WAS ISS LOS?... UNHHHH!
OOH!...

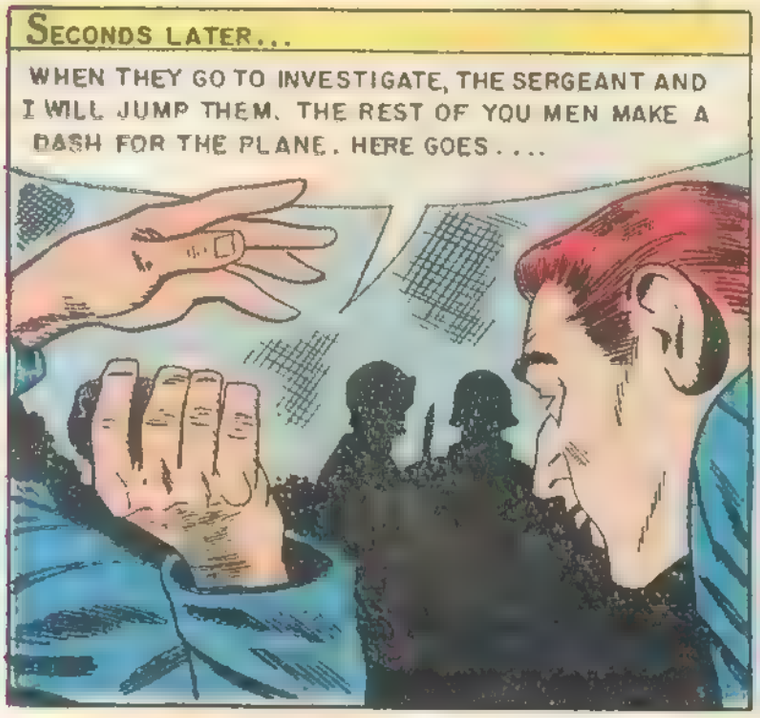
GET THAT OTHER GUN AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
OKAY, CAPTAIN. I HOPE THE REST OF THEM DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING.


WE'LL SOON FIND OUT...LOOKS OKAY.
I DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S TOO QUIET.


AT THAT MOMENT..
HALT! HAENDE HOCH! UNHH!
BLAST THEM!
HEAD FOR THE WOODS.
BAM!


LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A BREAK. THAT'S ALL THERE WERE!
IF WE CAN GET TO THE PLANE BEFORE ANYONE FINDS THEM, WE GOT A CHANCE.

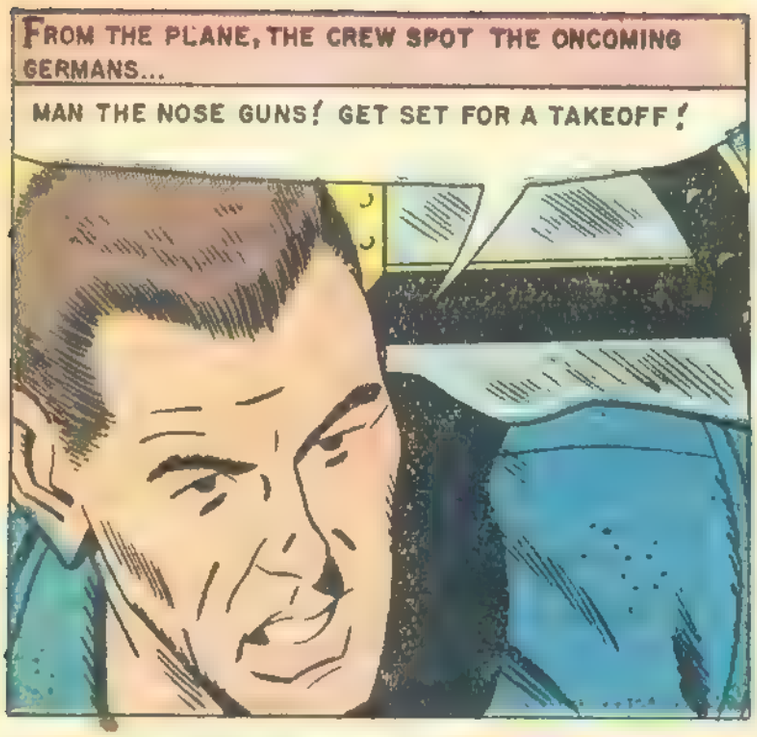
MOVING AS QUICKLY AND QUIETLY AS THEY CAN, THE CREW OF THE BOMBER HEAD FOR THEIR PLANE...
TAKE IT EASY NOW. WE'RE ALMOST THERE.
I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T LEFT TOO MANY GUARDS WITH THE PLANE.

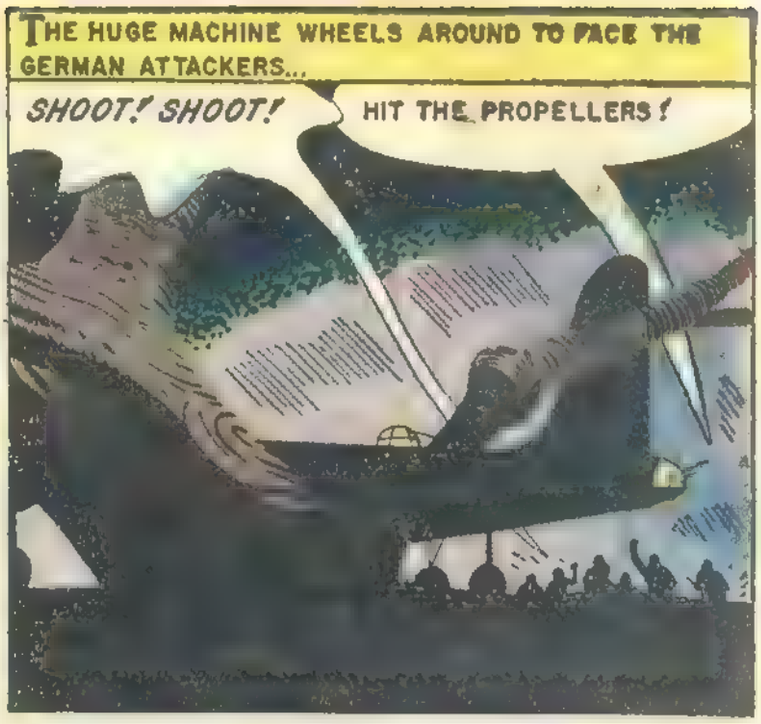

SECONDS LATER...
WHEN THEY GO TO INVESTIGATE, THE SERGEANT AND I WILL JUMP THEM. THE REST OF YOU MEN MAKE A DASH FOR THE PLANE. HERE GOES....

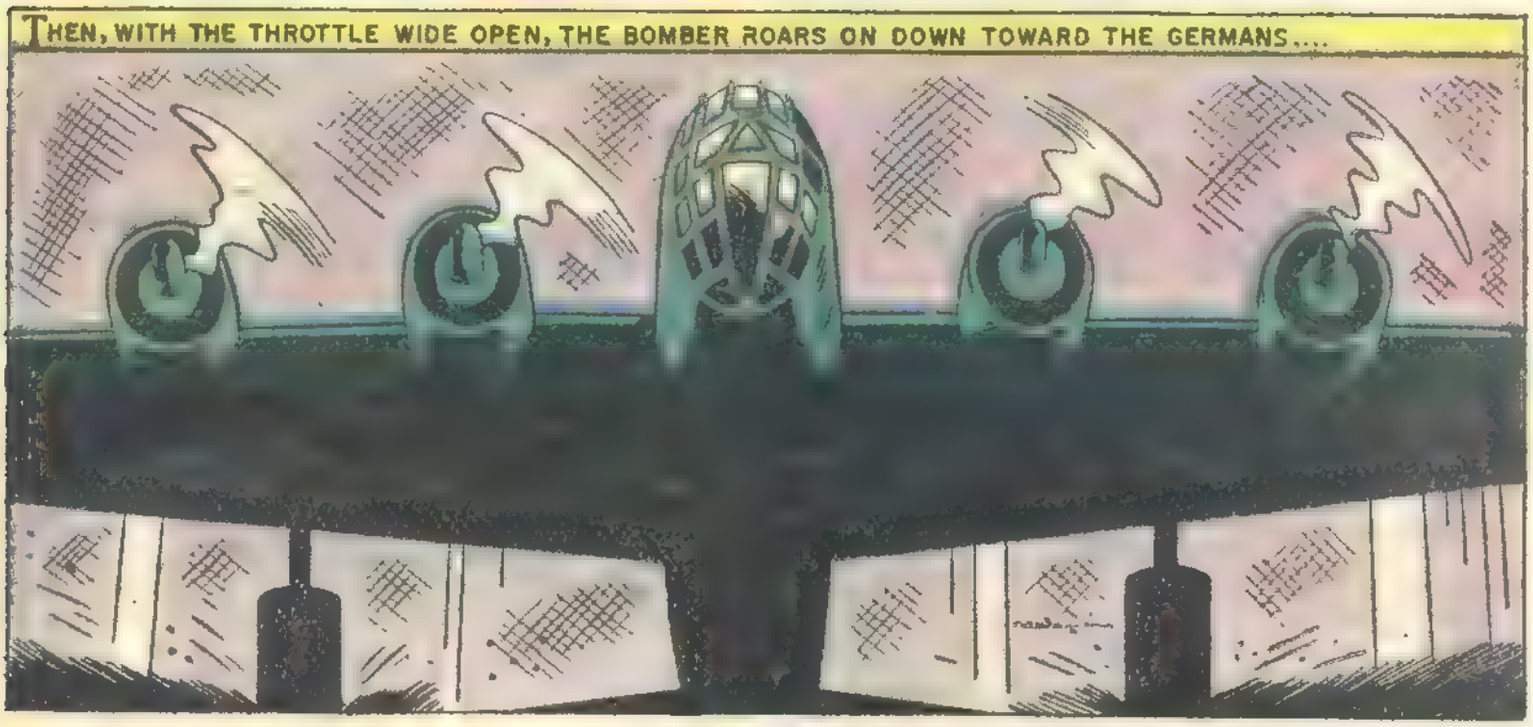
WHAT WAS THAT?
IT CAME FROM OVER THERE!

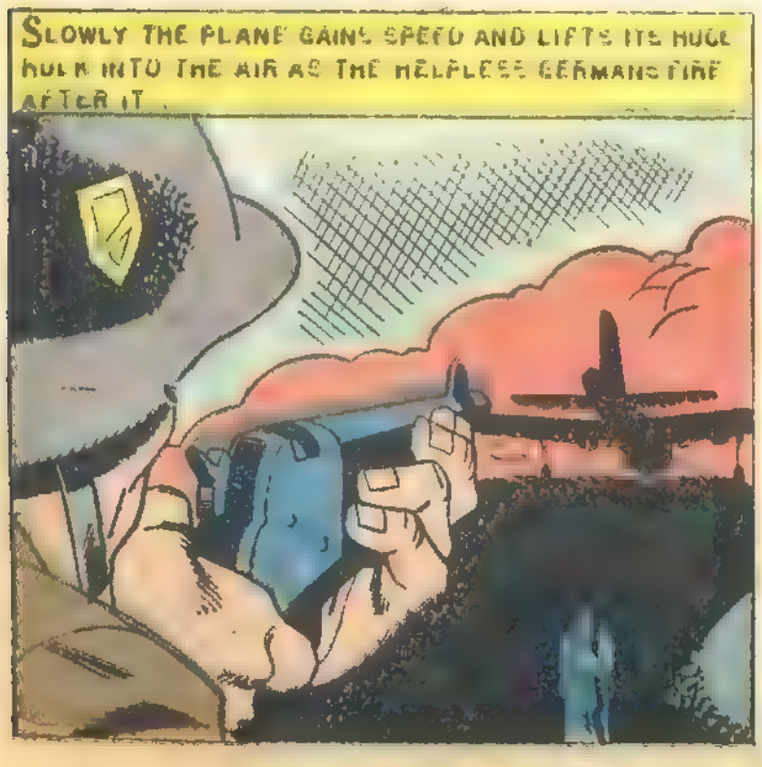
I SEE NOTH
UNHHHHH!
HAN!
AIEEE!

ENTERING THE PLANE, THE CREW TAKE THEIR PLACES
THERE IS A GRIM MOMENT AND THEN THE MOTORS START
STOP THEM! THEY START THE PLANE!
HALT!


FROM THE PLANE, THE CREW SPOT THE ONCOMING GERMANS...
MAN THE NOSE GUNS! GET SET FOR A TAKEOFF!


THE HUGE MACHINE WHEELS AROUND TO FACE THE GERMAN ATTACKERS...
SHOOT! SHOOT!
HIT THE PROPELLERS!


THEN, WITH THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE BOMBER ROARS ON DOWN TOWARD THE GERMANS....


SLOWLY THE PLANE GAINS SPEED AND LIFTS ITS HUGE BULK INTO THE AIR AS THE HELPLESS GERMANS FIRE AFTER IT.

THE PLANE ROARS OFF INTO THE DARKENING SKY AND HEADS FOR HOME WITH ITS THANKFUL CREW THE FIFTIETH MISSION IS COMPLETED.
— THE END —

The Philadelphia Mission

FROM the annals of our history come the tales of the men of the Marine Corps—men of skill and courage. Among the greatest of these stirring tales are the stories of the brave men who fought the pirates of Tripoli. This is the account of a mission that Lord Nelson called the most bold and daring of the age.

Our story begins as a lone figure in a small dory is picked up by a Sicilian fisherman on his way home across the Mediterranean. The year is 1802. The man in the dory is Sergeant Heyler of the U. S. Marine Corps. What was he doing alone on the Mediterranean and where was he going? That is the story of the Philadelphia Mission.

Aboard the little fishing boat, the Sergeant leaned against the bulkhead and watched the captain, who was also the crew, as he went about his duties. Then he asked the question that had been bothering him ever since he had been picked up. "Why are you doing this, Captain Catalano? I am a foreigner and a stranger to you. Why are you taking me to the fleet?"

"Everybody pay the Pasha. The English, the French, the Spanish. Everybody pay the Pasha of Tripoli! Maybe soon he want pay for taking fish from the sea, eh? So when Americanos say—we no pay, and send fighting ships—I think this is good! Yes, my friend, it is good. The next time you sail into the Tripoli harbor you take me, Catalano, he know the waters. I will be your pilot, eh?"

Sergeant Heyler nodded. "Captain Catalano, the American fleet is a few miles east of Gibraltar . . ."

Catalano laughed. "You trust me! That is good, my young friend! Very good!"

"If you know the waters of Tripoli, perhaps the Commodore will want to see you," said the Marine.

"Know the waters?" replied the fisherman. "I know them better than anyone else!"

Two nights later the Sergeant found himself standing at attention in the Commodore's cabin as the Commander nodded to him. "Tell me everything, Sergeant, everything!"

"Yes, sir," replied Heyler. "On the morning of October 31, the *Philadelphia* gave chase to a pirate brig. She made for Tripoli harbor with us in pursuit. We tried to cut her off with gunfire. When the water got too shallow, Captain Bainbridge gave up the chase and ordered us to bear off land. I was at the bowgun with Lieutenant Osborne.

"Suddenly there was a scraping sound and then we were on the reef. We tried our best to lighten her and float her off. We cast away three anchors, cut away the foremast. Still she stuck fast. Then, the forts opened fire and a fleet of gunboats put out from the harbor.

"Lieutenant Osborne turned to me and held out his sword. He ordered me over the side in a dory and ordered me to get back to you, sir. I wanted to stay, but he would have none of it.

"We'd shipped together for two and a half years, sir, Lieutenant Osborne and I. I'm hoping for the day when I can return his sword. The last I saw of the ship, sir, she was firing at the enemy gunboats as they closed in. I was picked up by the fishing boat and returned here by way of Sicily."

The Commodore shook his head. "The *Philadelphia* was taken."

"Either taken or sunk," came the answer.

"Taken, I said! We've heard from Lieutenant Osborne."

A sudden light came into Heyler's eyes. "He—he's alive, sir?"

"In the Pasha's prison, along with Captain Bainbridge and the crew. The Danish Consul sent word and a letter from him. Read it."

Heyler took the letter and read aloud. " 'The City of Brotherly Love extends its arms to you. A young blade could do well here on a moonlit night' . . . He's trying to say something, sir."

"I know," replied Preble, "but what?"

"I think I can tell you," said the Sergeant, "The City of Brotherly Love, that's the *Philadelphia*, of course . . . extends its arms—he means the pirates are arming the ship!"

"I thought so," cried Preble. "Go on."

"A young blade on a moonlit night—the sword! He's telling us to attack by night!"

"I see," said Preble stroking his chin. "By

night, and run the risk of running aground again. Hmphh!"

"But we've got a pilot, sir!" cried Heyler. Captain Salvator Catalano! This is he, right here!"

"Si," said Catalano, "with the moon, without the moon, the waters I know. The Pasha, the pirates, they do not put the shoals on the maps, but Salvator Catalano knows. A little ship we'll need—and brave men."

"Very well," snapped Preble, "an expedition will start at once. Call Lieutenant Stephen Decatur. We must not permit the pirates to use the *Philadelphia* against us."

The next night Heyler found himself on a plank below decks. Around him lay the other volunteers. Up above, Lieutenant Decatur and Catalano stood at the helm. Through the port hole the Sergeant could see the white wall of the pirate fort and the black noses of the cannon. And there was the *Philadelphia* bobbing gently in the swell. Suddenly things began to stir on deck.

Catalano called out, "Ahoy! Ahoy! We were fishing and we lose our anchor. Throw us a rope and we tie up for the night, eh? Throw us a rope, eh?"

In answer to his call a coil of heavy rope fell with a thud on the deck of the tiny boat. Willing hands grasped it and pulled the vessel close to the *Philadelphia*. Then there was a sudden rush as the volunteers poured from their hiding places. Lieutenant Decatur shouted, "Board her men! Board!"

From the deck of the *Philadelphia* came a confused babble of sound. Cries of alarm—Merikanee!—Merikanee! Halt! But above them all came another ringing order from the daring young Lieutenant.

"Put a torch to her, men! Fire the store rooms! The cockpit! The magazines! Hurry!"

Soon it was all over. The Americans quit the ship without the loss of a single man. And as they put out to sea again, they saw the crimson flames climb the white sails of the doomed ship. She dipped in the waves, nodding, as though to say, "Well done, lads, well done!"

Suddenly the air was rent with a dull roar and the sea boiled and hissed. The flames had reached her magazines. The mission was completed.

For another year and a half Heyler carried the Lieutenant's sword against the pirates of Tripoli. Then with the famed slogan, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," still ringing in his ears, the Pasha was beaten. America had won its fight.

Then one day in spring, Heyler stood on a Philadelphia wharf watching a ship come in, bearing a man he knew well.

As he walked down the gangplank Heyler waved to him and called, "The City of Brotherly Love extends its arms to you!" The man's face lighted up as he hurried to greet the Sergeant.

"Then you did get my message to Commodore Preble!" he cried.

"Aye. A young blade could do well here on a moonlit night." Heyler grinned and held out a scabbard. "Your sword, Lieutenant Osborne."

"Thank you, Sergeant," he said. "We saw the action from our cells. We cheered like mad, and I'm not ashamed to say it, Sergeant, some of us wept. She was a good ship. I'm sorry—deeply sorry I wasn't there."

Heyler patted the sword, "I think you were there sir. I'm sure you were," he said.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, U. S. Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF ATOMIC ATTACK, published Bi-Monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Youthful Magazines, Inc., 105 East 35th Street, N. Y. 16, N. Y., Editor, George Ungar, 105 East 35th Street, N. Y. 16, N. Y; Managing editor, George Ungar, 105 East 35th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y; Business manager, George Ungar, 105 East 35th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

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(Signed) GEORGE UNGAR, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1952.
Alphonse J. Persico, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1954)

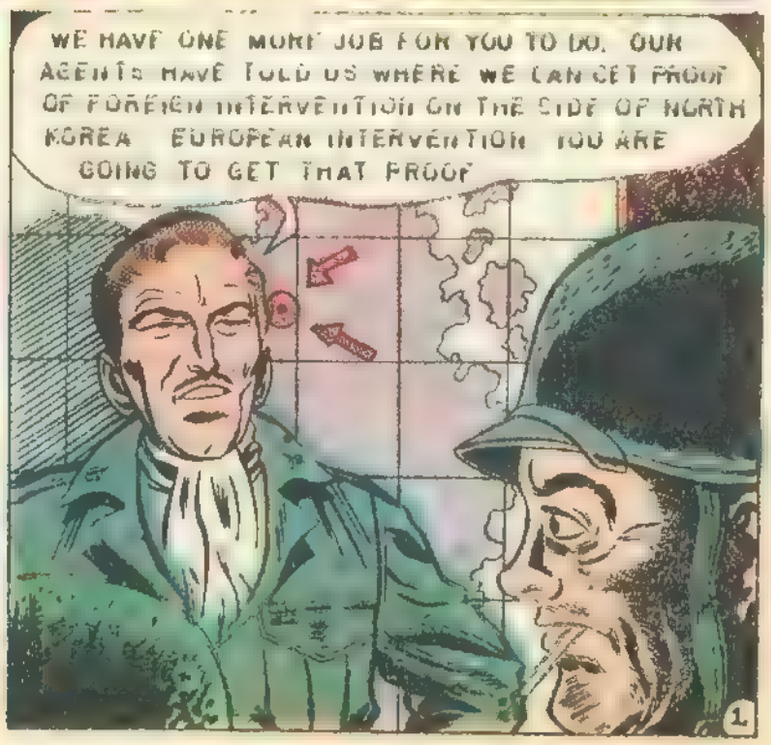
THE COMMANDO'S LAST RAID

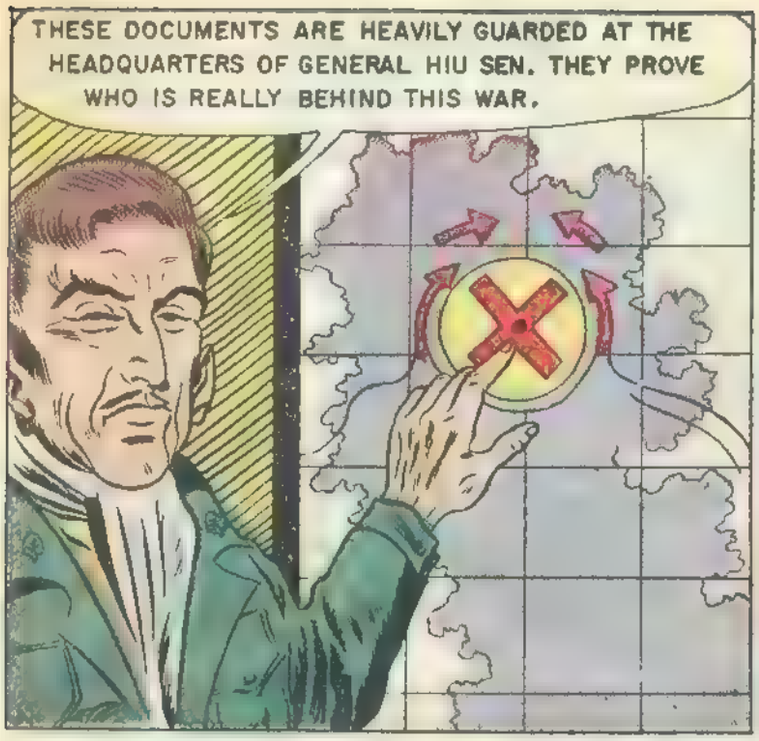
SCATTERED THROUGHOUT VARIOUS ARMY UNITS, THE MEN OF THE SEVENTH RANGER COMPANY WERE CALLED TOGETHER FOR ONE LAST COMMANDO RAID--A RAID THAT MIGHT PROVE MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY THEY HAD EVER GONE ON BEFORE...

BRRRR!

PING! PING! TAT-TAT!

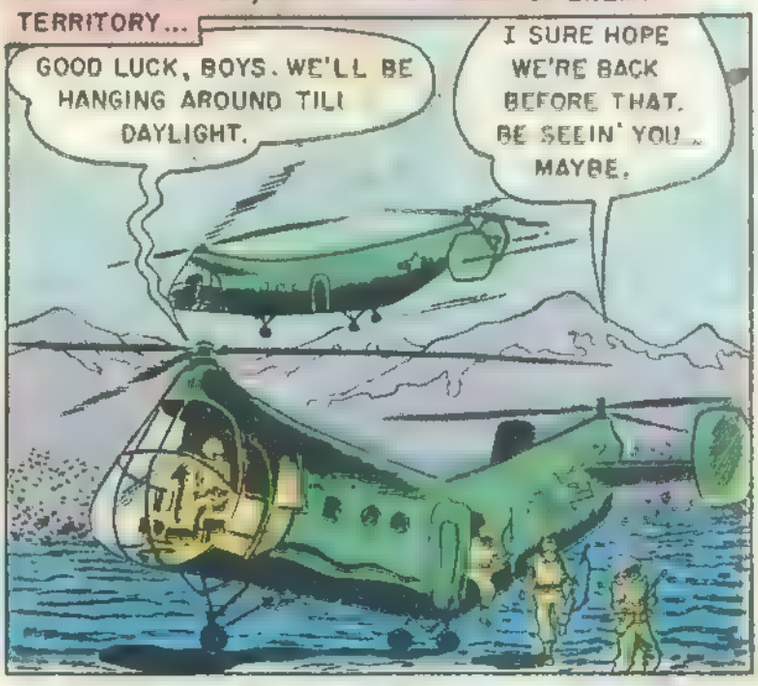
RK CARRABOTTA

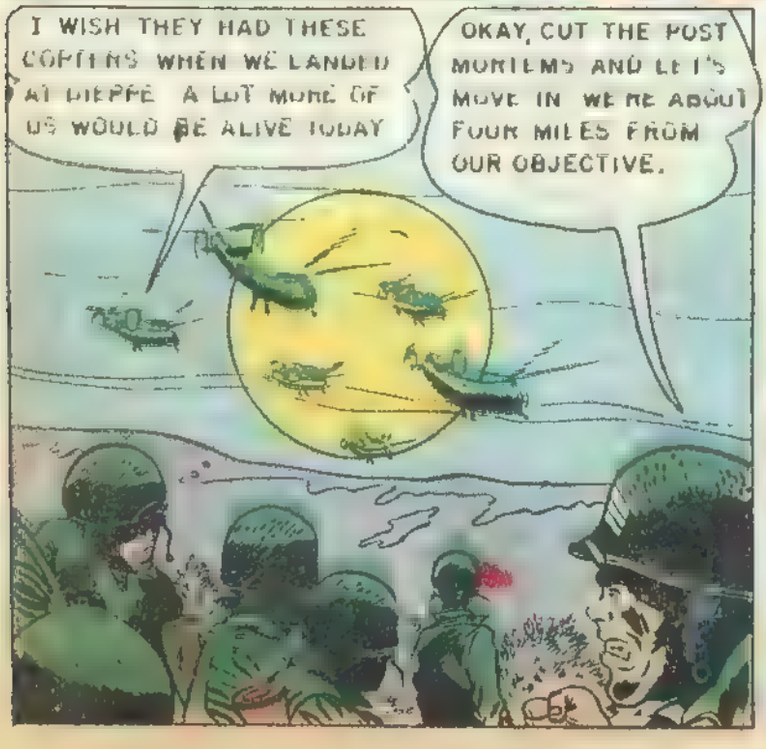



THESE DOCUMENTS ARE HEAVILY GUARDED AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL HIU SEN. THEY PROVE WHO IS REALLY BEHIND THIS WAR.

COMPLETELY BRIEFED, THE MEN PREPARE FOR THE DANGEROUS RAID THAT SAME NIGHT...
OKAY, MEN, PUT IT ON THICK!... TATE, GET THAT IDENTIFICATION BRACELET OFF. IT SHINES LIKE A HUNDRED WATT BULB. YOU FORGETTIN' YOUR TRAININ'?
HOLY SMOKE, SARGE, I CLEAN FORGOT IT.

OKAY, LET'S ROLL. THEY HAVE HELICOPTERS WAITIN' FOR US.
AIN'T WE FANCY. NO CHUTES OR NOTHIN'.

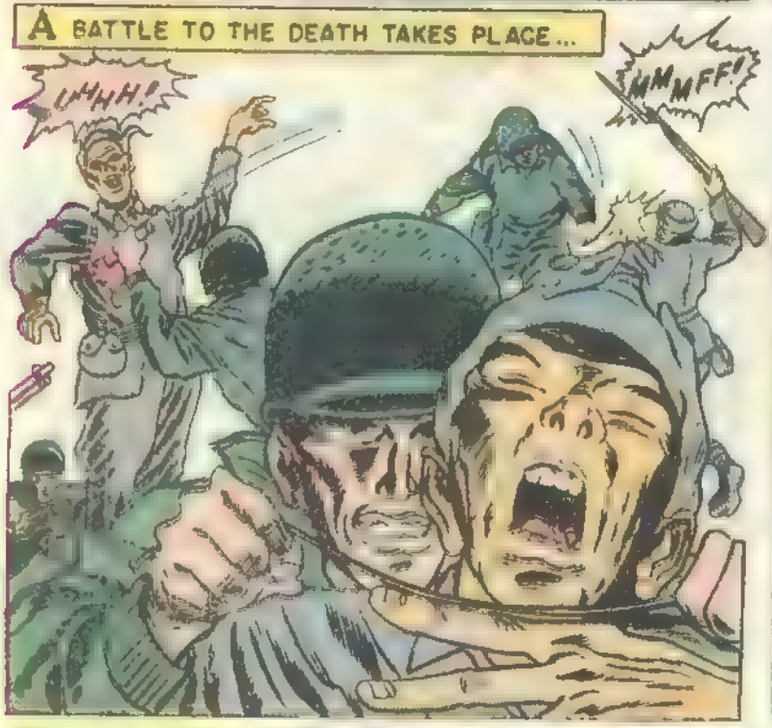

SIX HOURS LATER, DEEP IN THE HEART OF ENEMY TERRITORY...
GOOD LUCK, BOYS. WE'LL BE HANGING AROUND TILL DAYLIGHT.
I SURE HOPE WE'RE BACK BEFORE THAT. BE SEEIN' YOU... MAYBE.

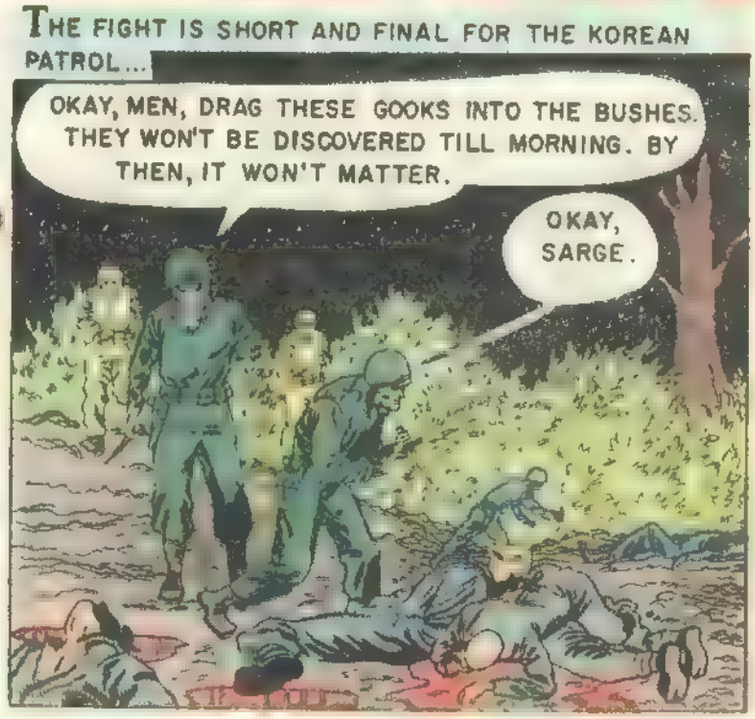

I WISH THEY HAD THESE COPTERS WHEN WE LANDED AT DIEPPE. A LOT MORE OF US WOULD BE ALIVE TODAY.
OKAY, CUT THE POST MORTEMS AND LET'S MOVE IN. WE'RE ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM OUR OBJECTIVE.

SPREAD OUT AND KEEP ME IN SIGHT. WATCH OUT FOR PATROLS. THE PLACE IS LOUSY WITH THEM.
I NEVER FIGURED I'D BE DOING THIS AGAIN.

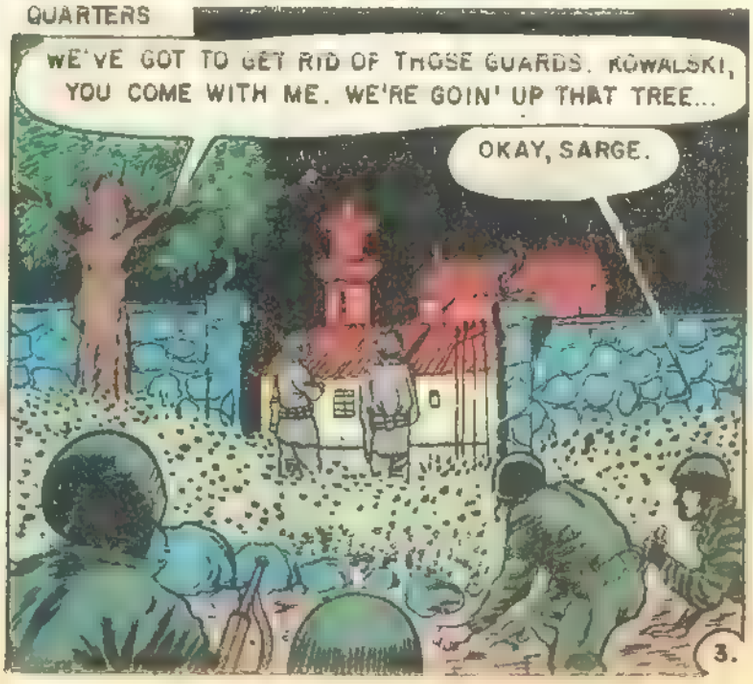
ABOUT TWO MILES FROM THEIR OBJECTIVE THEIR LUCK RUNS OUT...
IF THEY DON'T SEE US, LET 'EM GO BY...TOO LATE! GET 'EM!
LOOK! YANKEE'S!

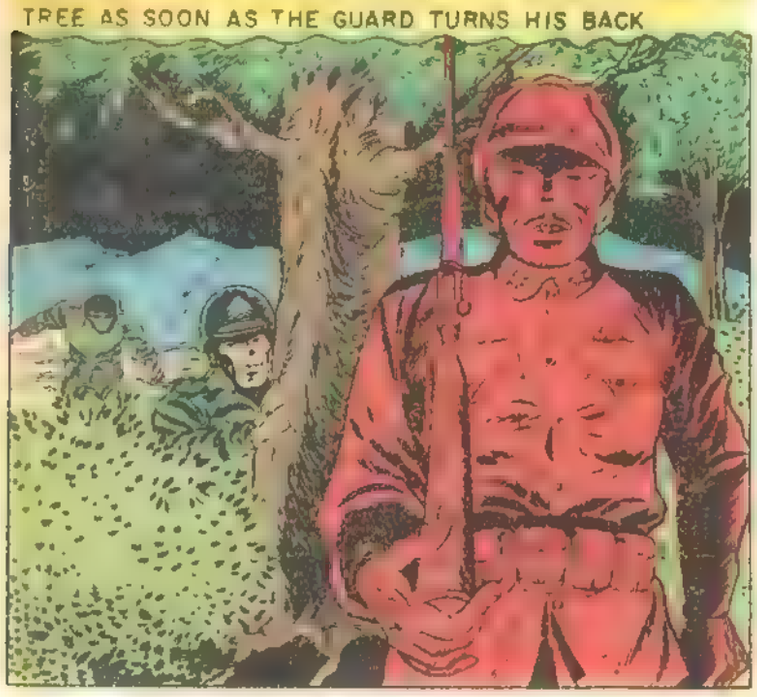
KEEP THE NOISE DOWN!
SHOOT!


A BATTLE TO THE DEATH TAKES PLACE...
UHHH!
MMMFF!


THE FIGHT IS SHORT AND FINAL FOR THE KOREAN PATROL...
OKAY, MEN, DRAG THESE GOOKS INTO THE BUSHES. THEY WON'T BE DISCOVERED TILL MORNING. BY THEN, IT WON'T MATTER.
OKAY, SARGE.

MOMENTS LATER...
OKAY, LET'S GO WE WASTED ENOUGH TIME


AT LAST THEY REACH THE GENERAL'S HEAD-QUARTERS
WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THOSE GUARDS. KOWALSKI, YOU COME WITH ME. WE'RE GOIN' UP THAT TREE...
OKAY, SARGE.

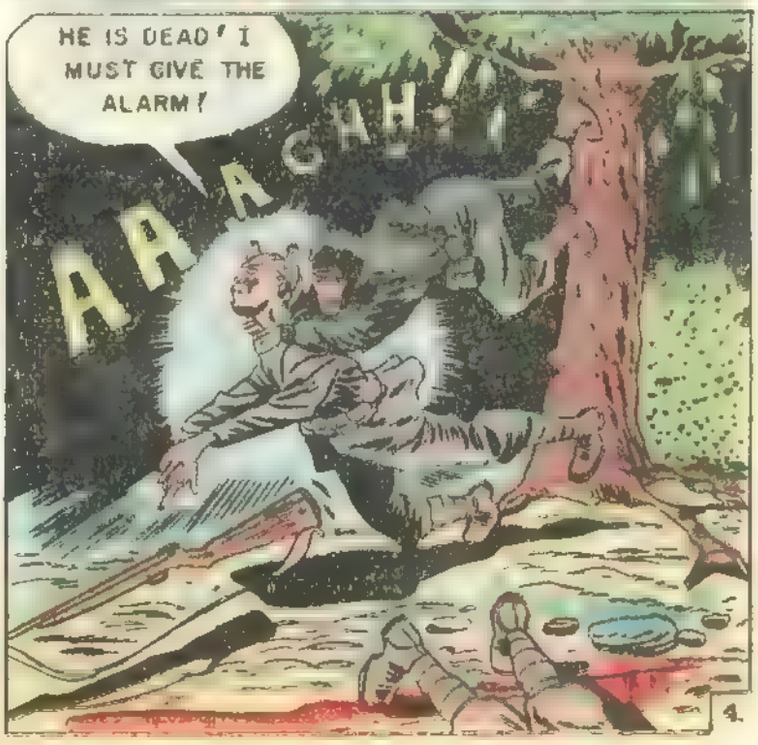

AS SILENTLY AS JUNGLE CATS, THEY STREAK FOR THE TREE AS SOON AS THE GUARD TURNS HIS BACK

AND HAUL THEMSELVES INTO ITS HEAVY BRANCHES

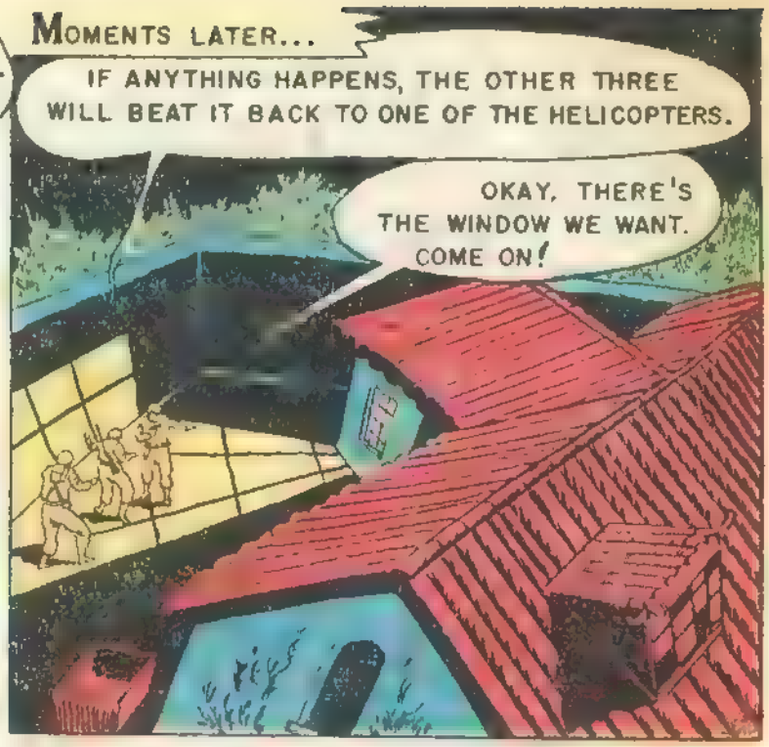
AS THE GUARD RETURNS, THE SERGEANT DROPS DOWN ON HIM ...

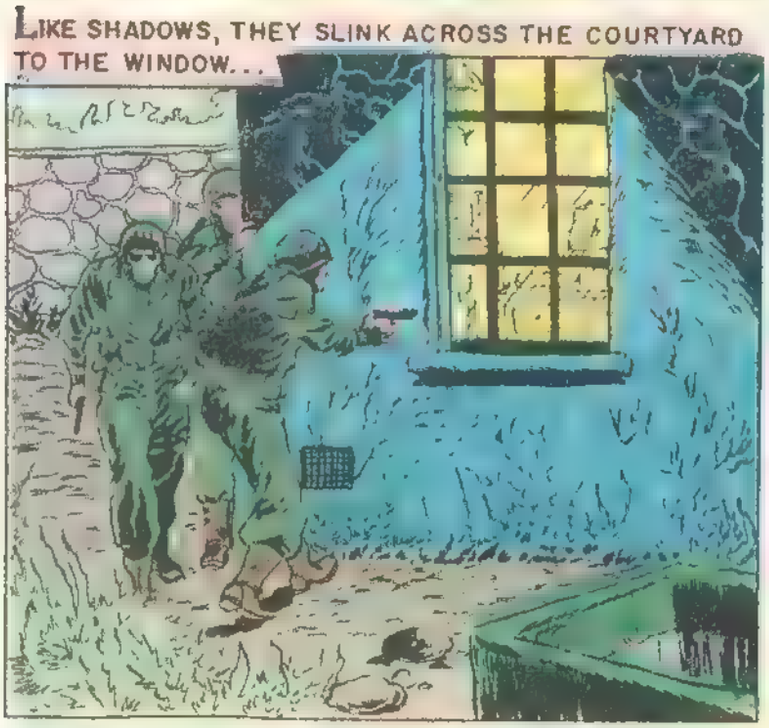
AND FINISHES HIM OFF...
UHHHHHHHHG!

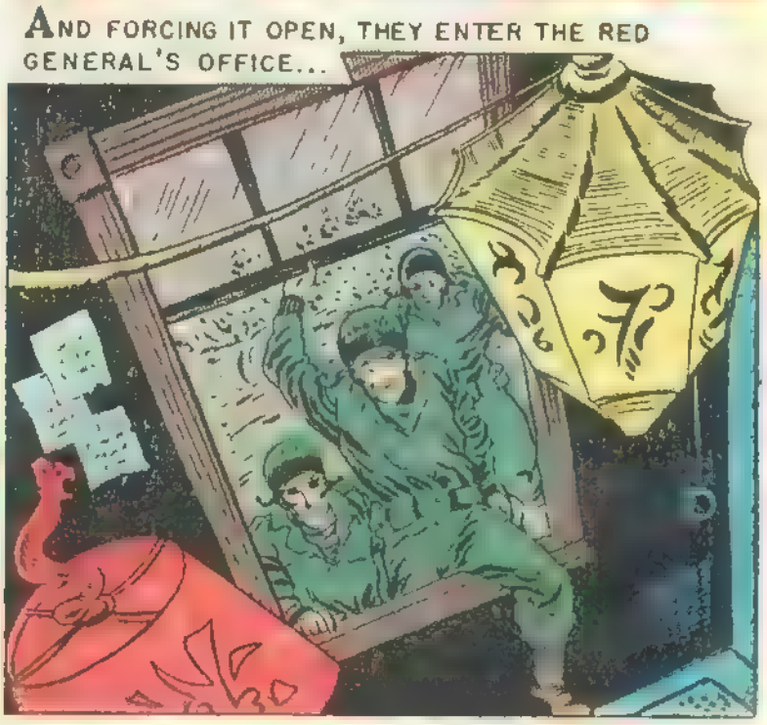
WHEN HIS COMPANION SEES HIM
LI, WHAT IS THE MATTER? WHAT IS WRONG?

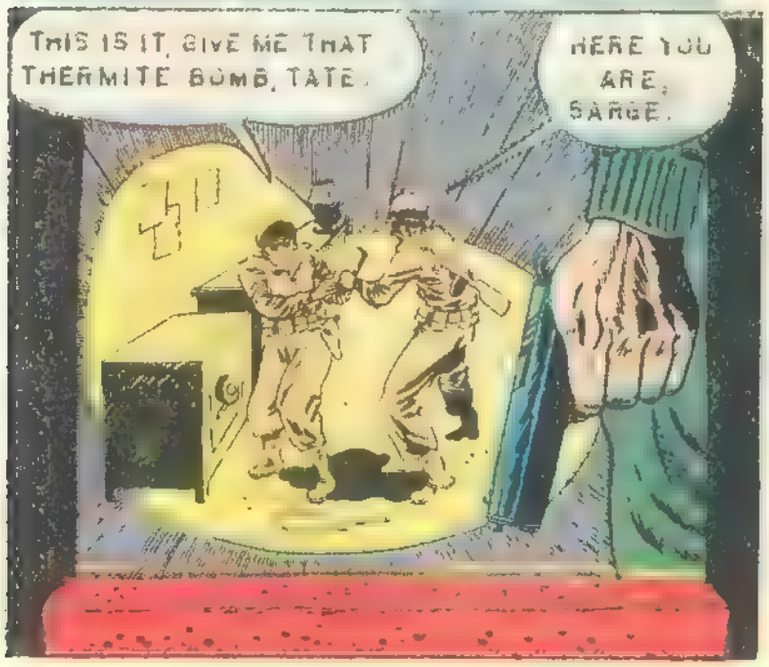

HE IS DEAD! I MUST GIVE THE ALARM!
AAAGHH!

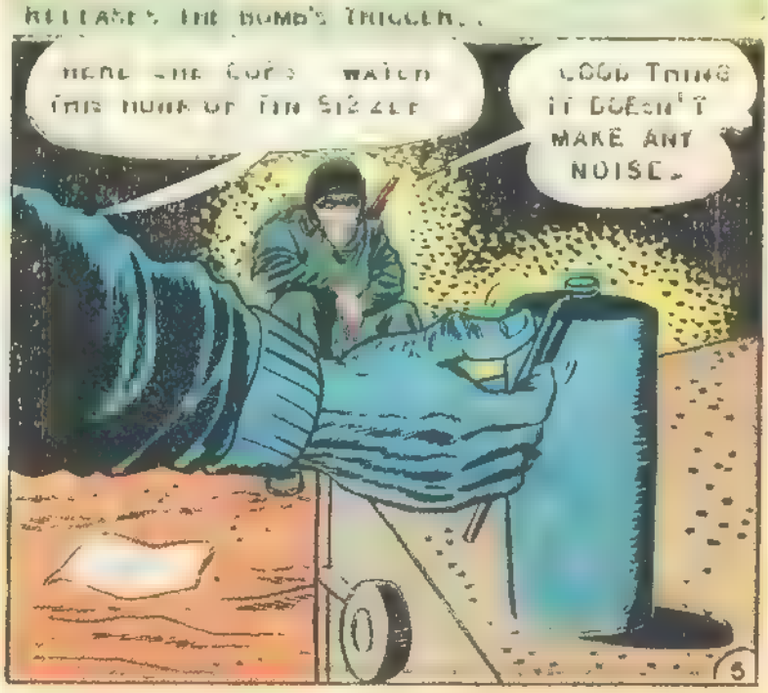
HE AIN'T GOING TO GIVE ANY ALARMS.
GOOD! CALL TATE AND WE'LL HEAD FOR THE HOUSE. THE OTHER THREE WILL BE READY TO FADE IF ANYTHING HAPPENS.


MOMENTS LATER...
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, THE OTHER THREE WILL BEAT IT BACK TO ONE OF THE HELICOPTERS.
OKAY, THERE'S THE WINDOW WE WANT. COME ON!


LIKE SHADOWS, THEY SLINK ACROSS THE COURTYARD TO THE WINDOW...


AND FORCING IT OPEN, THEY ENTER THE RED GENERAL'S OFFICE...


INSIDE, THEY QUICKLY LOCATE THE SAFE WHICH CONTAINS THE SECRET PAPERS
THIS IS IT. GIVE ME THAT THERMITE BOMB, TATE.
HERE YOU ARE, SARGE.


PLACING IT ON TOP OF THE SAFE, THE SERGEANT RELEASES THE BOMB'S TRIGGER...
GOOD THING IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY NOISE.

THE HEAT BOMB TURNS WHITE HOT, AND QUICKLY AND SILENTLY MELTS A HOLE THROUGH THE TOP OF THE SAFE...

LOOK AT THAT! IT'S MELTING LIKE BUTTER.

YEAH, THAT THING WOULD EVEN MELT AN OLD MAID'S HEART.

WHEN THE METAL COOLS...

SHE'S OPEN. LET'S HOPE ALL THIS WASN'T FOR NOTHING.

HURRY IT UP, SARGE. SOMEBODY IS GOING TO DISCOVER THOSE GUARDS ARE GONE.

HERE IT IS, JUST LIKE THE COLONEL SAID IT WOULD BE! LET'S BLOW!

I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET DONE. COME ON!

AS THEY TURN TO GO, THE LIGHTS FLASH ON TO REVEAL TWO RED OFFICERS...

I KNEW I HEARD SOMETHING! GUARD!

CLICK!

BLAST 'EM!

GOT 'EM!

WE'VE DONE IT NOW! THE WHOLE PLACE WILL BE DOWN ON US!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

THERE'S ONE CHANCE THOUGH. THAT TRANSMITTER. THE HELICOPTER IS STANDING BY AND THEY'RE IN RANGE.

YEAH, BUT WHAT GOOD ARE THEY GOING TO DO US?

HURRIEDLY ADJUSTING THE TRANSMITTER, THE SERGEANT SENDS OUT A DESPERATE CALL...

THIS IS IT, SARGE. THEY'RE POURING INTO THE COURT-YARD!

IF THEY DIDN'T GET IT BY NOW, THEY NEVER WILL. LET'S HEAD FOR THE ROOF. IF WE'RE LUCKY WE'LL MAKE IT!

UP THESE STAIRS -- I HOPE!... LOOK OUT!

THEY AIN'T GOIN' TO STOP US!

UNHHH!

AARGH!

BY THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH, THEY REACH THE ROOF AND WAIT IN ONE LAST DESPERATE HOPE OF RESCUE...

IT WON'T BE LONG. IF THEY DON'T GET HERE IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, IT'S CURTAINS FOR US!

I HAD TO BECOME A COMMANDO. I MUST HAVE BEEN NUTS!

PING!

SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE THEM...

LOOK! THEY HEARD US!

TAT-TAT-TA! PING!

PING!

A SECOND LATER THE THREE ARE DRAGGED FROM THE ROOF, AS THEY CLING TO THE COPTER IN DESPERATION

SHOOT THEM DOWN!

STOP THEM!

RAT TAT RAT TAT

AND THE PLANE FLIES OFF TO SAFETY WITH THE THREE MEN STILL CLINGING TO IT'S SIDES...

TAT-TAT-TA

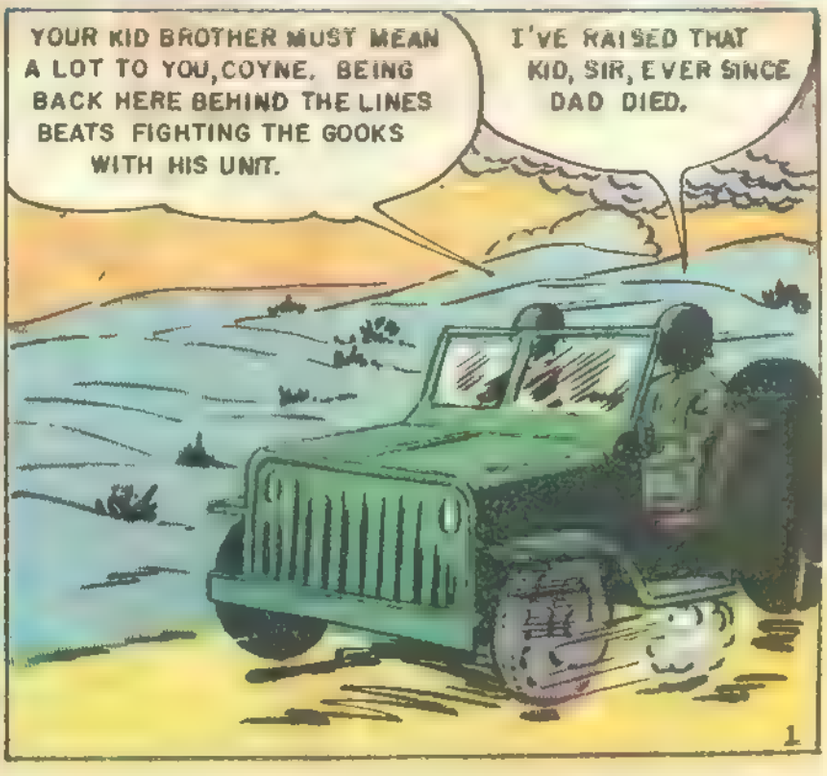
BRRRR!

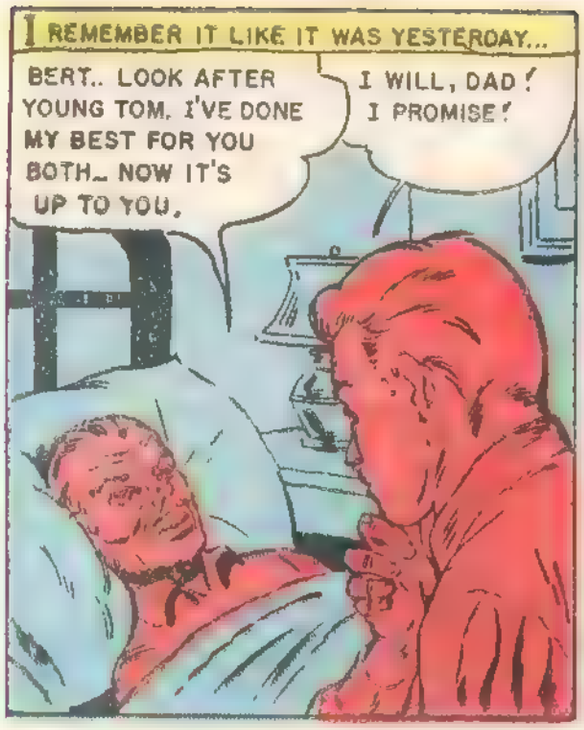
SO, JUST WHEN CAPTURE AND SURE DEATH SEEMED TO BE THE COMMANDOS' FATE, THE CHOPPER BOYS PULLED ANOTHER RESCUE. THE INCRIMINATING PAPERS WERE CAPTURED...

THE END...

KID BROTHER

SERGEANT BERT COYNE HAD SWORN TO LOOK AFTER HIS KID BROTHER, TOM, SO WHEN TOM WAS PINNED DOWN BY ENEMY FIRE ON THE BLOOD-STAINED SOIL OF WAR-TORN KOREA, BERT HAD BUT ONE OBJECTIVE: TO GET HIM OUT...



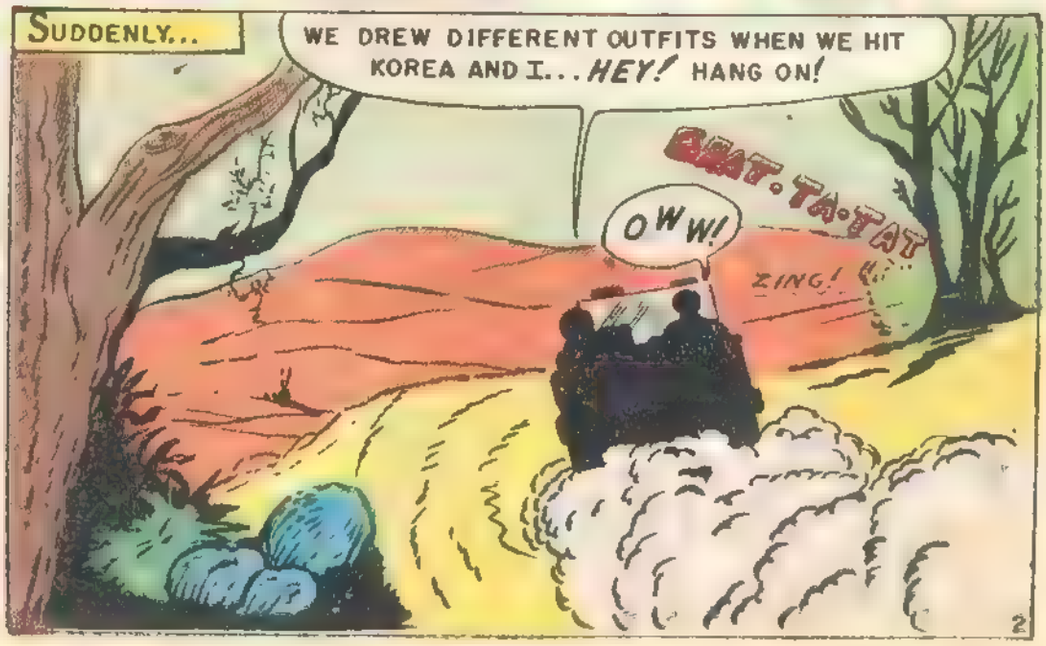

I REMEMBER IT LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY...
BERT.. LOOK AFTER YOUNG TOM. I'VE DONE MY BEST FOR YOU BOTH.. NOW IT'S UP TO YOU.
I WILL, DAD! I PROMISE!

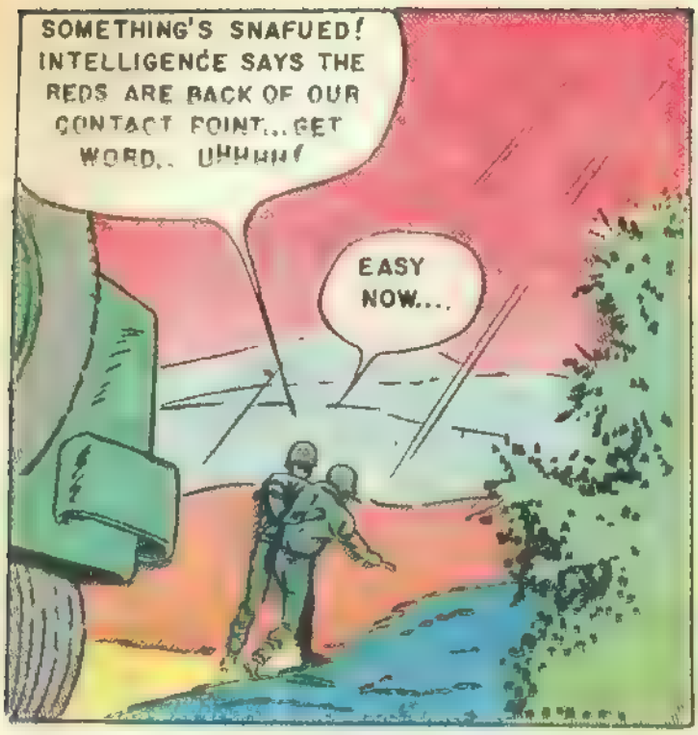
WE LIVED IN A PRETTY TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD AND TOM TOOK A LOT OF LOOKING AFTER...
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
HEAR THAT, GANG... HE WANTS TO FIGHT! LET'S WORK 'IM OVER!

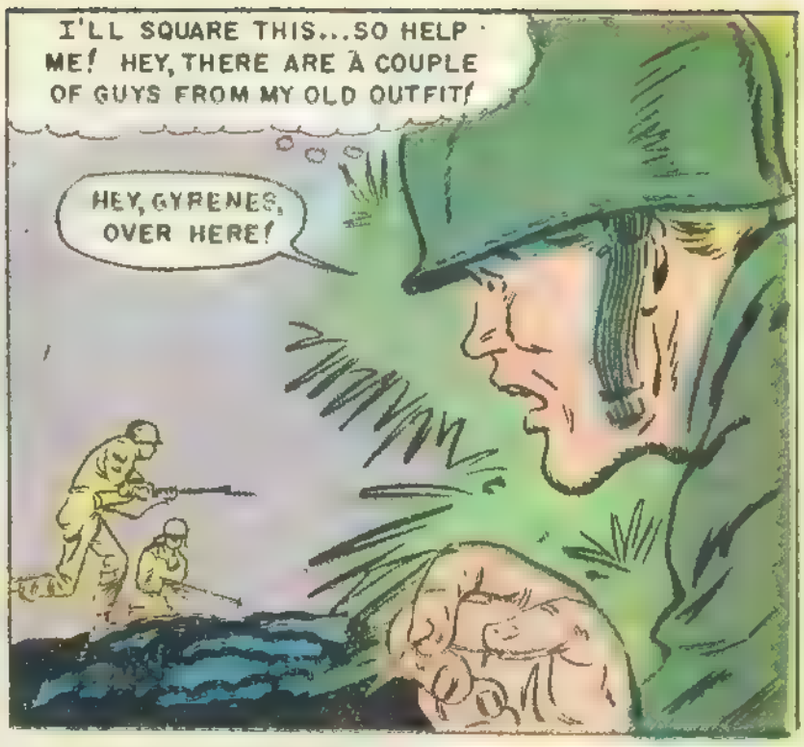
I NEVER FOUGHT TOM'S FIGHTS FOR HIM, BUT I ALWAYS TRIED TO SEE THAT HE GOT AN EVEN BREAK
HOLD IT, YOU PUNKS! LET'S SEE IF YOU'VE GOT THE GUTS TO FIGHT FAIR!
POW

I GOT TOM HIS FIRST JOB...MOTHERED HIM THROUGH SCHOOL. I HAD BIG PLANS, BUT ONE DAY HE BLEW THEM HIGHER THAN ATOM SMOKE...
WHAT DO YOU THINK, BERT? I'VE JOINED THE MARINES!
YOU'VE WHAT? WHY TOM, I'VE SAVED THE MONEY TO PUT YOU THROUGH COLLEGE!

WELL, TOM WAS STUCK ON THE MARINES, SO I JOINED TO BE WITH HIM.
YEAH. I'VE HEARD HOW YOU LOOKED AFTER HIM ALL THROUGH BOOT CAMP!

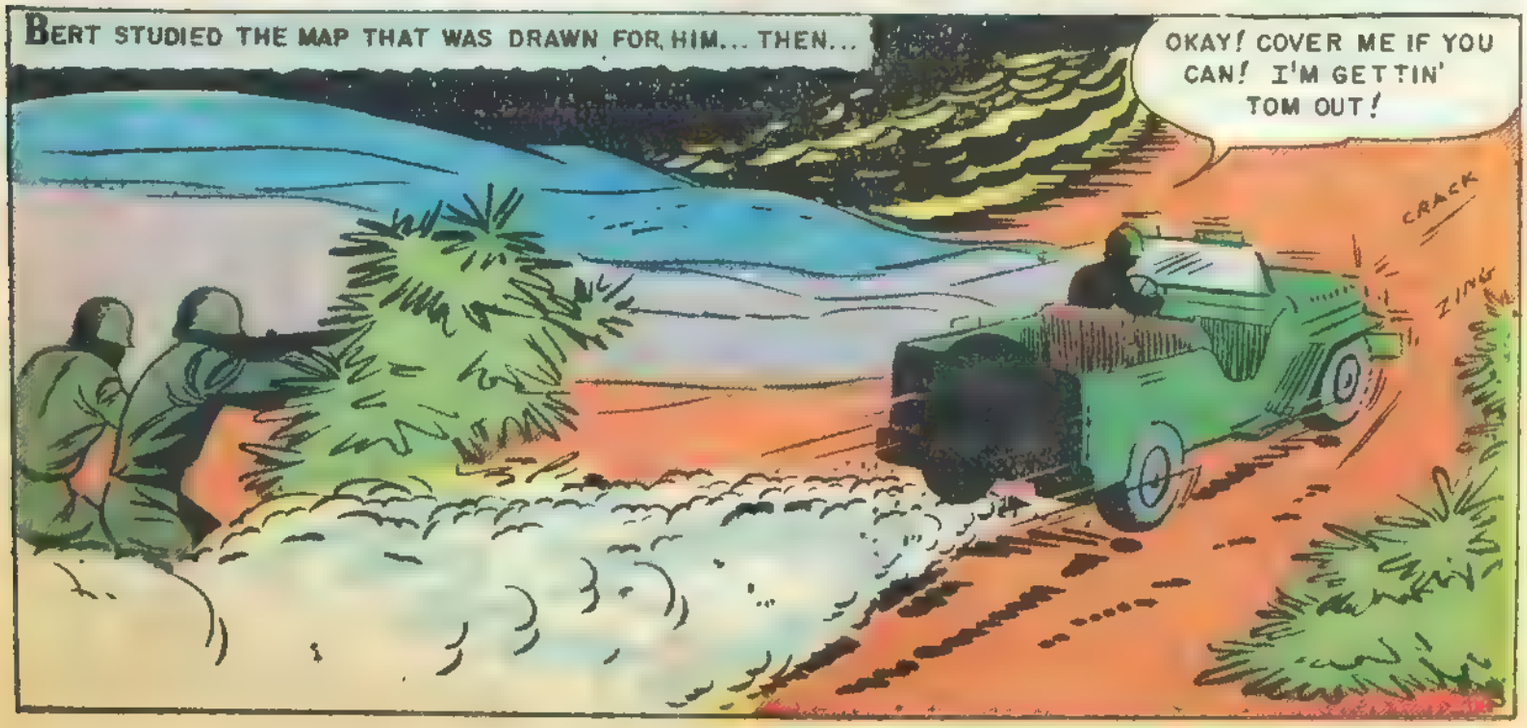

SUDDENLY...
WE DREW DIFFERENT OUTFITS WHEN WE HIT KOREA AND I... HEY! HANG ON!
RAT-TA-TAT
OWW!
ZING!


SOMETHING'S SNAFUED! INTELLIGENCE SAYS THE REDS ARE BACK OF OUR CONTACT POINT...GET WORD.. UHHHH!
EASY NOW....

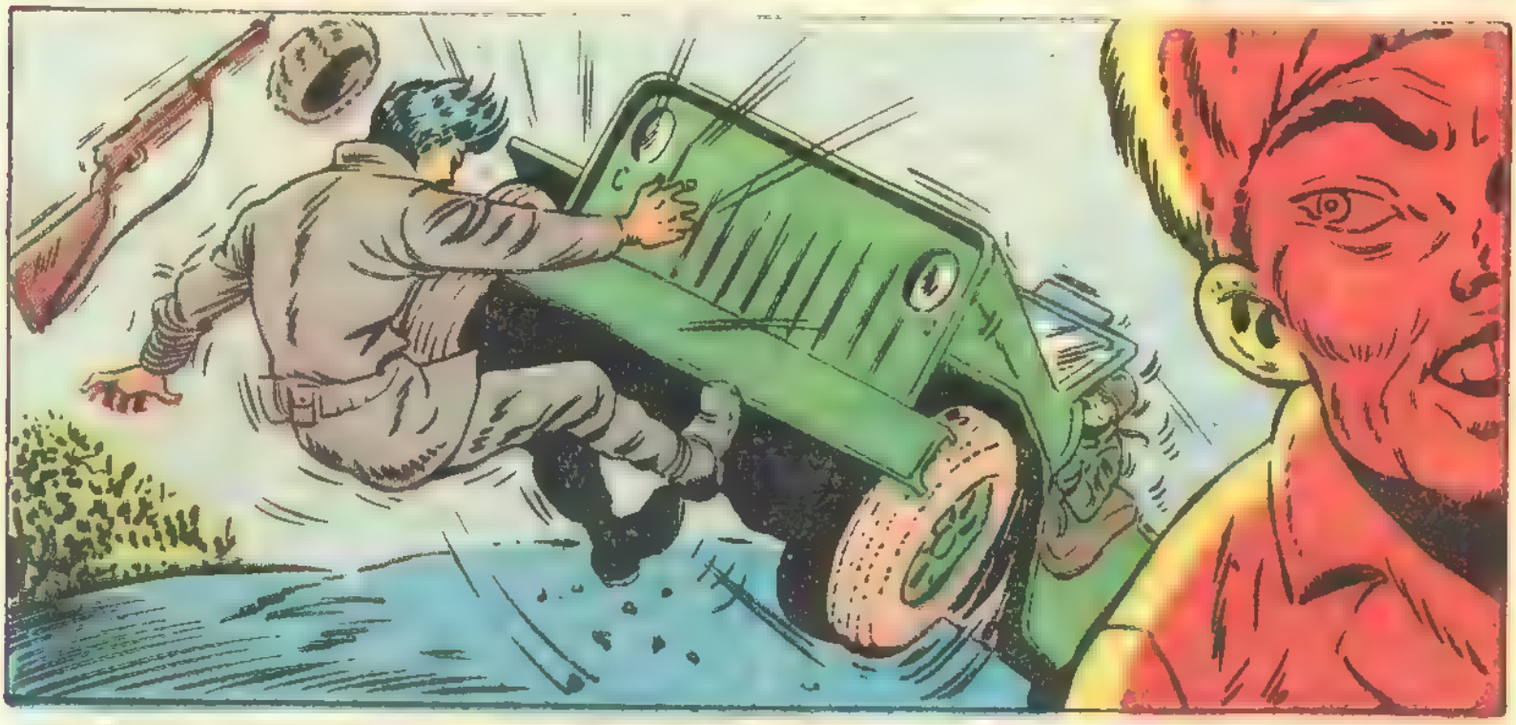

I'LL SQUARE THIS...SO HELP ME! HEY, THERE ARE A COUPLE OF GUYS FROM MY OLD OUTFIT!
HEY, GYRENES, OVER HERE!

SARGE! WHAT TH...
SKIP THE HOO-RAW, ART! THOSE COMMIES JUST GOT MY LIEUTENANT! WHAT'S THE PITCH!

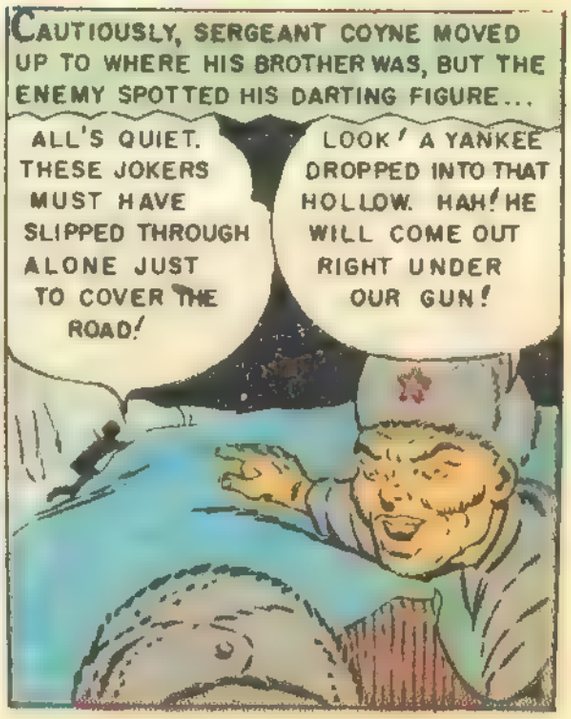
THREE GOOK GUNS SLIPPED AROUND US AND HAVE DUG IN. WE GOT CLOBBERED ON PATROL. YOUR KID BROTHER'S UP ON THE HILL, SARGE. HE'S HIT...WE COULDN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO HELP HIM.
DRAW ME A MAP. PIN-POINT WHERE TOM AND THOSE NESTS ARE!

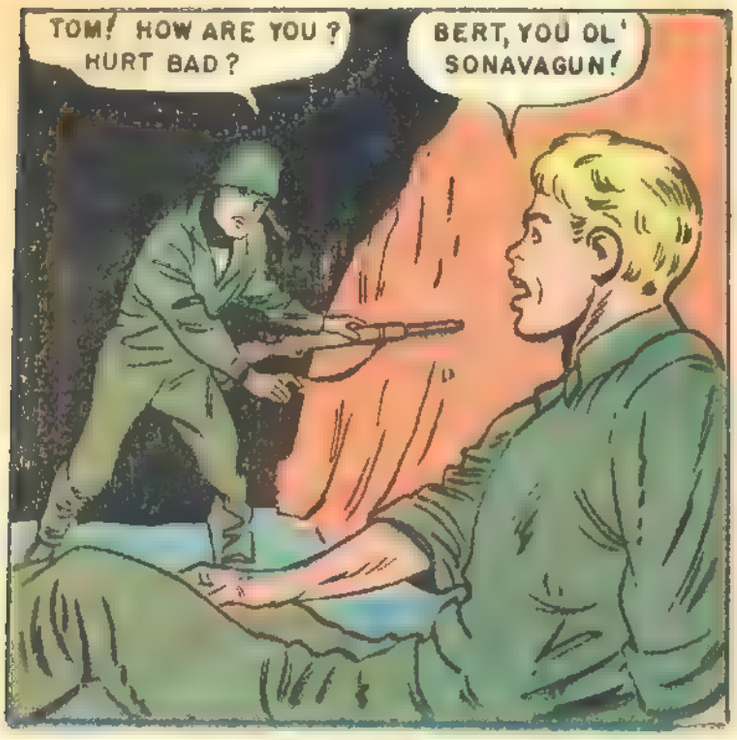

BERT STUDIED THE MAP THAT WAS DRAWN FOR HIM... THEN...
OKAY! COVER ME IF YOU CAN! I'M GETTIN' TOM OUT!
CRACK
ZING

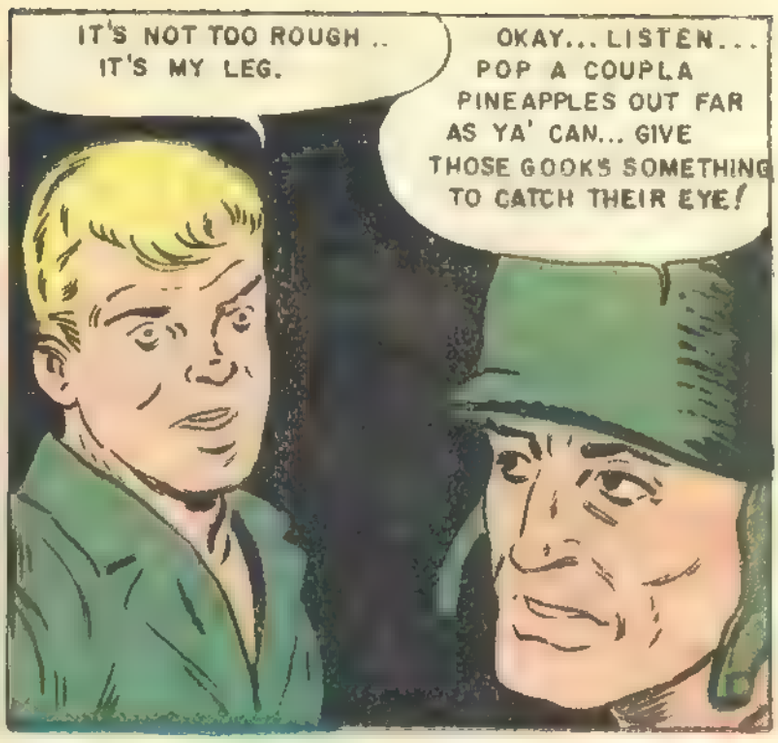
YA DIRTY KILLERS... NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!
KARROOM



HOW D'YA LIKE THE TASTE OF OUR STEEL!


CAUTIOUSLY, SERGEANT COYNE MOVED UP TO WHERE HIS BROTHER WAS, BUT THE ENEMY SPOTTED HIS DARTING FIGURE...
ALL'S QUIET. THESE JOKERS MUST HAVE SLIPPED THROUGH ALONE JUST TO COVER THE ROAD!
LOOK! A YANKEE DROPPED INTO THAT HOLLOW. HAH! HE WILL COME OUT RIGHT UNDER OUR GUN!


TOM! HOW ARE YOU? HURT BAD?
BERT, YOU OL' SONAVAGUN!


IT'S NOT TOO ROUGH .. IT'S MY LEG.
OKAY... LISTEN... POP A COUPLA PINEAPPLES OUT FAR AS YA' CAN... GIVE THOSE GOOKS SOMETHING TO CATCH THEIR EYE!

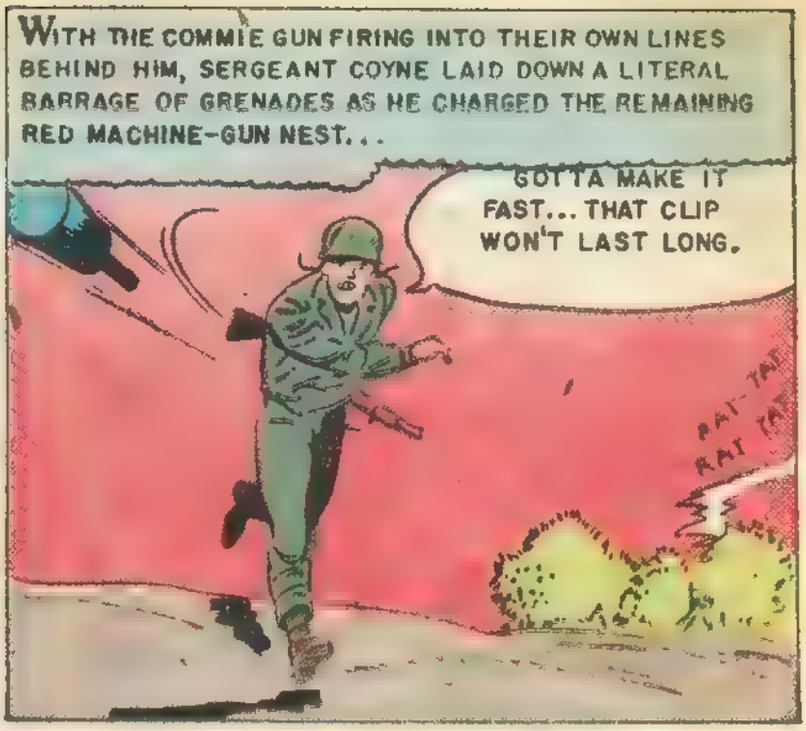
A LITTLE LATER...
THE YANKEE DOES NOT APPEAR. HE IS THROWING OUT GRENADES INSTEAD!
IT IS AS WE WERE TOLD.... THE CAPITALISTIC COWARDS FEAR OUR GUNS!
BOOM

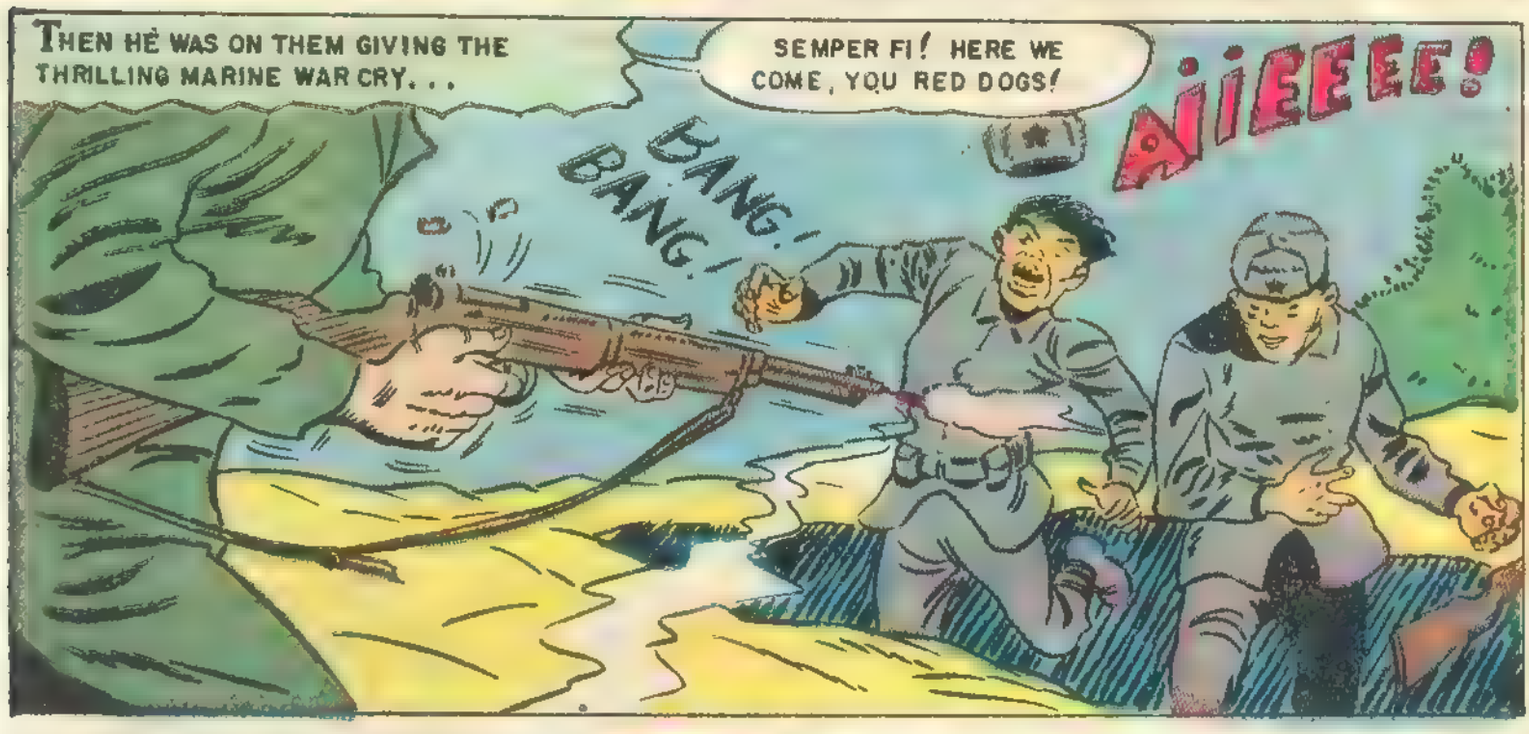
LOOKING FOR ME, COMRADES?
AIEEEE!

DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO SNEAK AROUND BEHIND YA... DID YA?
UUGGH!
POW!

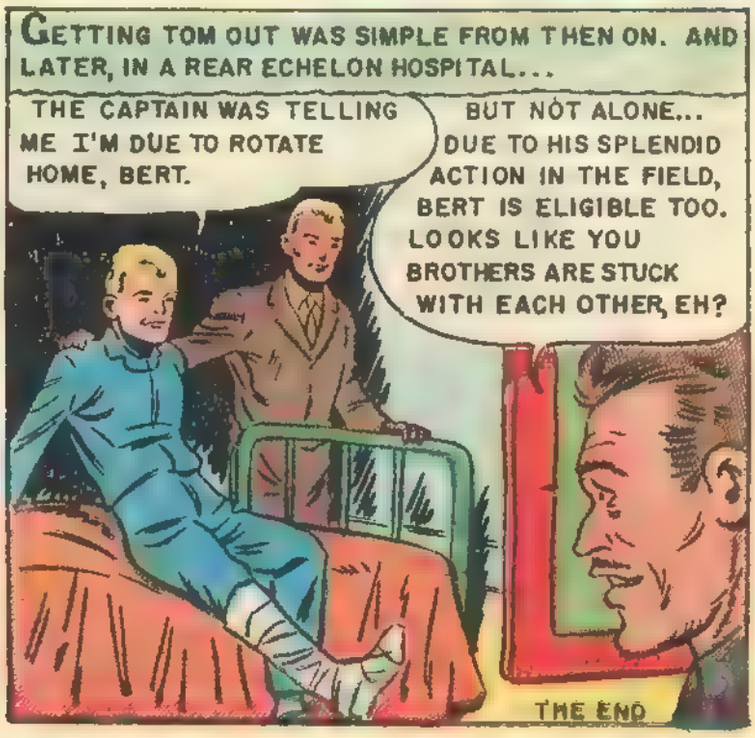
COMMIE GRENADES... THESE'LL COME IN HANDY!

NOW TO TIE BACK THIS FIRING ARM SO THE COMMIE SKUNKS WILL THINK I'VE GOT PLENTY OF COMPANY...


WITH THE COMMIE GUN FIRING INTO THEIR OWN LINES BEHIND HIM, SERGEANT COYNE LAID DOWN A LITERAL BARRAGE OF GRENADES AS HE CHARGED THE REMAINING RED MACHINE-GUN NEST...
GOTTA MAKE IT FAST... THAT CLIP WON'T LAST LONG.
RAT-TAT RAT TAT


THEN HE WAS ON THEM GIVING THE THRILLING MARINE WAR CRY...
SEMPER FI! HERE WE COME, YOU RED DOGS!
BANG! BANG!
AIIEEEE!

THIS'LL SHOW YA THAT YA GOTTA BEND BACKWARDS TO PLEASE A MARINE!
AARGGH!
CRACK


GETTING TOM OUT WAS SIMPLE FROM THEN ON. AND LATER, IN A REAR ECHELON HOSPITAL...
THE CAPTAIN WAS TELLING ME I'M DUE TO ROTATE HOME, BERT.
BUT NOT ALONE... DUE TO HIS SPLENDID ACTION IN THE FIELD, BERT IS ELIGIBLE TOO. LOOKS LIKE YOU BROTHERS ARE STUCK WITH EACH OTHER, EH?
THE END

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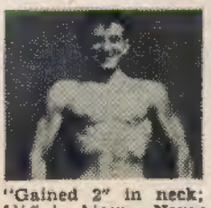

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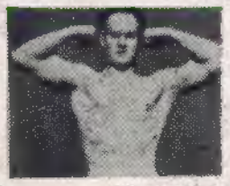

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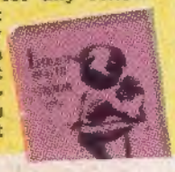

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